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A NEW DICTATORSHIP has arisen in Europe. King Alexander of Jugoslavia has dissolved the Skuptchina, abolished the constitution, and assumed supreme power over the destinies of the unhappy and disunited Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. The step was logical and not wholly unexpected although it was undoubtedly more drastic than any which had been anticipated. It followed a period of desperate political deadlock, and bitter, irreconcilable antagonisms. From the day that Jugoslavia was pieced together by the Allies at Paris, its three principal parts have been sorely at odds, the Slovenes and Croats contending for autonomy, while the Serbs have sought to bring the whole country under a rigid, centralized government at Belgrade. The fight for independence has been carried on under the leadership of the Croatian Peasant Party whose chief, Stefan Radich, was mortally wounded in the Parliament last June. Since that day a state bordering on civil war has existed in Jugoslavia. The Croat deputies and leaders retired to Zagreb, vowing never to set foot in Belgrade until a new constitution and new elections should give them their rights. Early last December riots between Croats and Serbs took place in Zagreb. A week or so later the Zagreb district council refused to seat the new prefect and commander sent from Belgrade, both iron-fisted military men of known hostility to Croatian aspirations. The Government responded with a threat to dissolve the council. Meanwhile rumors began to spread of the coming resignation of Premier Koroshetz and his Cabinet; rumors which became a fact when Davidovich, leader of the National Democratic Party, opposed the extreme measures of the Government against the rebellious Croats. King Alexander promptly accepted Koroshetz's resignation.

THE CROATIAN DEMAND for a changed constitution is being met with a vengeance. The recent conferences between the King and the party chieftains served to reveal the intransigence of all factions and the hopeless nature of the deadlock. Parliamentary methods had, for the moment, broken down. King Alexander, in his picturesque announcement of the dictatorship, said:

> I have, therefore, decided hereby to decree the constitution of the Kingdom of 1921 abolished. The laws of the land will remain in force unless canceled by my royal decree. New laws in future will be made by the same method. The Parliament elected November 1, 1927, is hereby dismissed.

This declaration was followed by four royal decrees establishing the dictatorship. The first declares the King the sole source of power, and provides for the succession. The second prohibits extremist political parties: Communist, nihilist, or Chauvinist. The third sets up a strict censorship of the press. The fourth abolishes local elective governments. Thus at one step Jugoslavia comes under the most complete, systematic absolutism yet created in Southern Europe. What the outcome will be, no one can guess. King Alexander is known as a monarch of amiable disposition and democratic inclinations. If he is statesman enough it is possible that he may be able to create a state of peace and self-government through his own power, where bargaining and intrigue have failed.

NOBODY KNOWS MORE ABOUT German finances, not even Germany's own experts, than S. Parker Gilbert, Agent General for the Collection of Reparation Payments; and his recent report that the budget of the Reich is able to provide the full amount of the contributions provided for under the Dawes Plan is of remarkable significance. It has called forth more indignant protests from the Germans than any previous statement of Mr. Gilbert. We believe, however, that he is correct, that Germany, if she must, can carry the full load of reparations. Her resources and her vitality are amazing; her power of recuperation marvelous. Mr. Gilbert himself knew perfectly the unusual political import of his report on the eve of new parleys in regard to Germany's payments to the Allies. But it should in fairness be pointed out that Germany's task last year was paying the sum of 1,750,000,000 marks, while henceforth she

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will be called upon for a largely increased sum—2,500,000,000 marks a year—and also that past payments have been made through the assistance of extensive foreign loans. Indubitably, Mr. Gilbert's purpose in emphasizing Germany's favorable financial position was to strengthen the market for her securities in the United States. This is most important, for if the new negotiations in Europe come to anything they will be based on a bond issue against the German railways. This would be allocated among the Allies, who in turn would endeavor to sell it in this country to provide means for liquidating their American debts. It is reported that Mr. Hoover has already been sounded out on this policy.

THE SIGNING BY TWENTY American Republics of the multilateral treaty for compulsory arbitration and conciliation in the Western Hemisphere is indubitably a milestone in the Pan-American movement. But we cannot agree with Mr. Kellogg that these treaties are "the most advanced and complete ever adopted by the nations of the world." They take second place after the Locarno Treaties, which have unfortunately already been almost forgotten, and certainly have been violated in their spirit by both France and Great Britain. Moreover, these American treaties were signed without reservations by only seven nations, among them Brazil, the United States, and Peru. The others weakened these treaties greatly by exempting from compulsory arbitration in certain cases all financial claims. Still others have exempted all questions which arise in consequence of happenings before the treaty was signed. This, of course, limits the treaties seriously, especially in the case of all the existing boundary disputes. Again we must point out that what will count after treaties like these have been signed is the spirit of the various governments, and, notably, the United States. They will be of no avail if we continue to play the bully; on the other hand, they do offer the possibility of a small country's making headway against us in any dispute with us. We are, therefore, ready to acclaim them, even in their limited state.

SO THE NEW TARIFF SCRAMBLE is on. Before the Ways and Means Committee, hearings have begun at which the protected manufacturers are setting forth their great distress and their immediate need for aid from the government to increase their profits. Curiously, the first to appear for more government pap were the chemical manufacturers trembling before the German chemical industry, despite the fact that during the war we stole hundreds of German chemical patents and sold them to Americans for a song. This is the more amusing because these same chemical industries, and the malodorous Chemical Foundation, have been assuring the country that in consequence of this thieving the American industry is in a position to lead the world. But that is only one comic feature of this fresh scramble of the tariff hogs to get their feet into the trough. Many of the industries which will now do the pauper act before the Ways and Means Committee are among those that up till now have been boasting of their prosperity, increasing their capitalization, and insisting that, thanks to Mr. Coolidge, the Republican Party, and the Almighty, times were never before as good. Now they are strapping on wooden legs, getting on their most worn clothing, and putting patches over one eye, to prove their poverty before Congress. What they ask for themselves is more of the taxpayers' money to insure them profits, whether they conduct their businesses honestly or dishonestly, efficiently or inefficiently, whether those businesses are worth keeping alive artificially or not.

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS OF Russia who died in Paris on January 6 was the last hope of the pathetic little band of *émigrés* who sought by intrigue and intervention to restore the Russian monarchy. As Romanoffs go he was not unintelligent; he led the Russian armies in the World War and was generally accepted as the *émigrés'* candidate for Czar. After eleven years of anxious waiting during which he was supported by the sale of his wife's jewelry, he died in exile with the Bolsheviks still in the Kremlin. Meanwhile the Soviet Government is in far more danger from the peasants than from the monarchists. To the surprise of most observers the Communist Party, after expelling Trotzky, has moved in the direction of Trotzky's suggestions concerning its land program. Walter Duranty in the New York *Times* describes the new land policies of the Soviet Government as "socialization of the villages" effected by a redistribution of land and by "grouping the farming enterprises of the less prosperous peasants around state farms, which will act as agronomical instructors in the use of various mechanization processes, fertilizer, and improved seed." This is an extremely ambitious program and we hope that the Soviet Government will be able to carry it out without provoking the mass opposition of the peasants.

LOUISIANA ADDS TO HER RECORD of two lynchings in 1928 a story of wanton murder as shocking and even incredible as any heretofore reported. Except that the story comes from the New Orleans *States,* a reputable white newspaper which would not be likely to print a tale of white violence against Negroes without ample substantiation, the report could hardly be credited. An editorial from the *States* for December 31, 1928, tells the story:

> The Monroe *News-Star* tells of an unusually shocking affair that occurred in Jackson Parish, Christmas Day, in which two Negro women were shot down and a third, perhaps fatally, wounded, white men doing the shooting.

The cause of the shooting was a dispute over a dog owned by a plantation owner, loaned to a white neighbor, and sought in return by a Negro tenant at the request of the dog's owner. The *States* continues:

> The tenant sought to carry out the wishes of his mistress, but the men who had the dog refused to deliver it to him. Subsequently a party of white men, including those to whom the dog had been loaned, went to the tenant's quarters, some under the influence of liquor, and found not the tenant but his wife, four daughters, and a grandchild.
>
> They told the Negro women they intended to keep the dog. Words passed, whereupon the visitors ordered the women to stand up in line to be killed. The latter, thinking the men were jesting, made no attempt to escape. Thereupon one or more of the white party opened fire, killing a girl of 15, another of 20 with a babe in her arms, fatally wounding a third daughter . . . and shooting the mother in the shoulder.

It is to the credit of the *States* that it calls the affair "an

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inexcusable crime, cowardly, brutal, and ferocious." Indeed what story of Red Terror in Russia, of White Terror in Hungary can be more ferocious than this murder in Louisiana, in the United States of America?

DIVORCES ARE GOING UP and marriages are going down. The 1927 statistics of the Department of Commerce, recently announced, show that divorces jumped 6.2 per cent in that year, bringing our national average to about one for every six marriages, the highest proportion in our history. Reno, which recently lowered its residence requirements for prospective divorcees from six to three months, still holds supremacy as America's divorce capital, while South Carolina with no divorces of any sort proves the contention that the Catholic church is not the only force in this country which stands for immutable monogamy. One interesting fact brought out by the report is that couples can use railroads and automobiles to evade marriage regulations as well as divorce laws. When California passed a law requiring a three-day notice before the issuance of a marriage license, thousands of couples fled to Nevada and Arizona, raising the Nevada marriage rate 95 per cent and the Arizona rate 22 per cent. Many worthy people view the increase of divorce with alarm, but we do not find in this increase any proof of national depravity. Probably American men and women are more honest in their relationships today than they ever have been before, and if they honestly and deliberately reach the conclusion that divorce is necessary we believe that the state should help them to part with dignity and friendliness. What makes the present system so intolerable is that most States still treat divorce as a crime or a social disgrace, and encourage collusion, public anger, and tabloid scandal.

WE HOPE THAT THE RECENT decision of the American Association of University Professors to fight for the right to teach evolution is more than a paper resolution. If, as the members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science declared, "evolution in some form is accepted by practically all competent men of science the world over" and "no one can pretend to have a liberal education who is ignorant of its general import," then the university professors should carry their fight into the enemy's camp. They are sure of their ground and the fundamentalists are a most engaging target. There are a half dozen ways in which the scholars of the country could make the anti-evolutionists look even more ridiculous than they seem today. They could, for example, invade the jungle States of Arkansas, Mississippi, and Tennessee with lectures and literature; they could actively campaign in any State where the fundamentalists threaten the freedom of teaching by more anti-evolution laws; they could discipline any alleged scholar in their ranks who failed to protest against the fundamentalist gag; they could refuse to recognize any degrees in science granted by schools which omit from their curricula this most essential theory of modern science. Milder measures have failed to stop the fundamentalist advance, which now threatens the schools of several Southern and Midwestern States. In this connection we note the plan of the American Institute to establish in New York a "science theater" to dramatize the story of man through the ages.

PAPER IS NOW ACTUALLY BEING MADE of cornstalks. Copies of one book made of it are in circulation here, and the Danville, Illinois, *Commercial-News* has printed a 116-page "Edition of Progress" on paper of this new material made by a process discovered by an Hungarian chemist, Dr. Bela Dorner. If this discovery can be commercialized it will be of immeasurable benefit in that it would at once help to solve the farmers' troubles and put an end to the wholesale destruction of our forests. This event may well make the great paper companies of the United States and Canada tremble. Not, of course, for the immediate future. The Danville factory, which already represents an investment of more than three-quarters of a million dollars, cannot supply the demands for higher grades of paper than news-print. But it is reported that the factory laboratory has nearly perfected a process for utilizing the waste products to such an extent that their sale will meet the costs of producing cornstalk pulp. If this is carried through, the cornstalk pulp will undersell wood pulp. But it is when one vizualizes those unending Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri corn farms that the imagination is challenged most. What a boon it would be to their owners to find that their cornstalks had suddenly become valuable! Now a part of them is put into silos or fed direct to cattle. The rest is thrown away. Even if the farmers' revenues from this by-product were small, it would still be of great significance and revive the hopes of the tillers of the soil everywhere. It is not only that the farmers cannot today balance income and outgo; whole sections now intellectually barren and culturally desolate cry out for additional income to lift up the standard of living on the land.

THE STRADIVARIUS SECRET discovered? That would be like a miracle. For two centuries the world has wondered how the great violin-makers of Cremona, Stradivarius, Amati, Guarnerius, and others, created the exquisite instruments they turned out, which today bring such fabulous prices. Modern science and skill have been unable to fathom the mystery; no chemical analysis has yet revealed the extraordinary qualities of the exquisite varnish used. And now comes the news that an antique dealer in Bergamo recently found in the hidden drawer of an ancient desk some old sheets of paper covered with what proved to be the handwriting of the greatest of the masters. They revealed, the story runs, a complete description of his method of treating the wood he used and of the varnish with which he beautified his violins. The desk, it seems, belonged to an old abbot who lived in Cremona, and then moved to Bergamo, and the supposition is that Stradivarius confided his secret to him. All of which sounds a good deal like a fairy tale, especially as similar stories have appeared at intervals for generations. The difference is that this story winds up with the statement that the antique dealer tried to sell the Stradivarius papers and that governmental authorities intervened and confiscated the manuscript. If this is true there should be prompt confirmation of the truth or falsehood of the story. Let us all pray that it may prove true, for the creation of more Stradivari would be an inestimable blessing to the entire musical world. But even if certain secrets are now to be revealed, the question will still remain whether any modern craftsman can possibly supply the skill and the workmanship which marked the old masters.

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What Will Mr. Hoover Do?

MR HOOVER is back from South America and, after a few weeks of heading off office-seekers, he will move into the White House and take command. There will be various little matters like farm relief, tariff-tinkering, European debts and reparations, railroad consolidations, water-power, and cruiser-building to occupy his odd moments; but somewhere in the day he will have to fit in a moment to consider the question: Now that I have been to Latin America, what am I going to do about it?

We cannot penetrate Mr. Hoover's engineering brain. We do not know just what he has seen nor how much he has learned. We do not know whether it is true that he pulled down the shade of his car at Palo Alto while the police hustled away a dozen ferocious young Communist students who subversively displayed Sandino banners, and remarked, "They'll be throwing bombs at us next." We hope that it is not true. But it is at least ominous that, instead of asking the correspondents who accompanied him to help the American people understand anti-American feeling, his representatives sought to keep such "untoward incidents" out of the dispatches.

Ordinarily, on Presidential tours, the telegraph companies have their own representatives to handle the correspondents' messages. On this trip the regular wire men were left behind, and George Barr Baker, close friend and associate of Mr. Hoover, who during the war held the proud title of "Executive Officer, United States Naval Cable Censorship, Third Naval District," took over their work. Mr. Baker was to read all the newspaper copy, and it is of record that even before Mr. Hoover left American soil Mr. Baker had begun discussing with newspapermen the advisability of "playing down" the story of the Sandino demonstration at Palo Alto.

Just how much "supervision" Mr. Baker exercised over the correspondents' stories after the Maryland steamed away from the Californian coast we do not know. We do know that the correspondents knew that the Hoover party kept a card-index file on all the newspapermen accompanying the successful candidate throughout the campaign, and that it was the common belief of Washington newspapermen that this file included not merely clippings of stories written but also notes upon the correspondents' attitude as revealed in private conversation and upon their drinking habits. They also were aware that Mr. Baker had been a censor during the war, that their stories could be filed only through him, and that their comfort on the trip depended upon him.

We know more. We know, because the New York *Times* has a correspondent resident in Costa Rica, that when Mr. Hoover arrived in that country the *Tribuna,* one of Costa Rica's leading newspapers, greeted the American President-elect with a paid advertisement sponsored by five societies, criticizing American policy in Latin America and concluding:

> Do, sir, try to guide the opinion of your country into a great blessed policy of continental defense against the evils caused by excessive economic expansion, which needs badly to be checked and moralized. If you do, Mr. Hoover, you will see the great miracle of a Pan-American Union worked by the impulse of your generous effort.

Another newspaper, the *Nueva Prensa,* greeted Mr. Hoover with an editorial urging him to mold his policy so that "all the unrest, which certain doctrines and tendencies generally known as imperialism provoke in the minds of people in these small countries may disappear." This would seem to be news, but while the correspondents who filed their dispatches through Mr. Baker exhausted their vocabularies describing the official speeches and the arches of welcome, not one, so far as we have been able to learn, mentioned these newspaper greetings. And we have enough faith in the news sense of American newspapermen to believe that but for Mr. Baker they would have cabled the news. Similarly, the fact that a distinguished group of Nicaraguan citizens, including some ex-Presidents, presented to Mr. Hoover a long petition and list of grievances during his stay at Corinto was not reported by the correspondents working with Mr. Baker and had to come through the mails.

Mr. Hoover's idea of visiting South America was, we believe, an inspiration. The greatest need of these two hemispheres is to know each other, to be able to talk to each other. A President of the United States is surely less likely to send the marines to carry his message to a country when he recalls exchanging complimentary speeches with its President, and a Latin is likely to have more faith in diplomatic exchanges with gentlemen whom he has met at dinner. Mutual respect is the essential basis of decent human relations, and Mr. Hoover's trip, with its attendant publicity, has been a sort of Cook's tour for the American public, substituting twentieth-century realities about South American cities for the vague hodge-podge of rivers of doubt and Incas and cannibals which still fills too many Yankee heads. But merely to visit Latin America and to make friendly speeches is not enough; there is need of a change of policy in Washington. The way to dissipate trouble is not to ignore it. That is not the effective policy in engineering or international relations.

Mr. Roller's article, printed elsewhere in this issue, which we take pleasure in devoting to South America, gives a series of pictures which were left out of the correspondents' reports. Yet these are situations which must be faced. As Dr. Klein points out in another article, Yankee contacts with the Southern hemisphere are multiplying at a prodigious rate, and the question to what degree the Washington Government will assume the burden of protecting the property of its nationals in South America becomes almost hourly of greater importance. We hope that the statements attributed to Mr. Hoover in Argentine newspapers, that the day of intervention was past and that the United States would no longer intervene in the internal life of small countries, were authorized. If so, the President-elect has kept his eyes open in South America, and is prepared not only to make friendly speeches—every American statesman has done that—but to tread softly and to act in a spirit of respect and genuine good-will.

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The Pact and After

ENCOURAGING it is that by the time these words reach our readers the Kellogg Peace Pact may have been ratified by the Senate. Not that we have suddenly acquired any illusions about it. We are no more thrilled by it than we have been at any time. Senator Borah himself declared that it did not affect our right to go to war under the Monroe Doctrine or prevent us from warring in self-defense. Then there are the French and British reservations. Who knows just what the whole thing will amount to when it is ratified? None the less it is a welcome gesture. It is a platform. And it could be made vital and revolutionary if we should ever have a President in the White House who really desired peace.

The spirit behind those in charge of the pact and of the Government! There you have the crux of the whole thing. If Mr. Hoover proves, as now seems likely, to be merely another Coolidge, for peace and disarmament one day and for more ships and guns and war the next, then the pact will be merely a pretty gesture and nothing else. If it is not followed by disarmament—if only as an evidence of good faith, and of our own belief that the pact is to be taken at its face value—then nobody need bother about it, after having paid the proper compliments to Senator Borah for his fight to put it through the Senate. It is, therefore, only the first round that we are witnessing in Washington, the very beginning of a new fight to save the world from its statesmen and its militarists. If anybody doubts that, let him read Professor Charles A. Beard's article in the current *Harper's Magazine*. There he will find set forth irrefutably the facts as to the steadily increasing militarism in Europe which must be stopped.

With the treaty out of the way, it will be the duty of all who believe in peace to concentrate upon the cruiser bill. We rejoice that it now appears that the fifteen cruisers will be cut to ten and perhaps to five, and that as we write there is a splendid gathering of citizens in Washington giving their whole time to protests against this wickedly unnecessary measure. Oh, for a Carl Schurz or a Charles Sumner in the Senate at this hour to characterize this measure as it ought to be characterized, to dissect it from the technical naval point of view as it ought to be analyzed and dissected, and to show up the hypocrisy and double-dealing of the navy men! Above all, somebody ought to tell the truth about the big-navy admirals and their utter disloyalty to their own government. They are the ones who are denouncing "Reds" and communists for disloyalty; yet they are the very ones who have been disloyal from the hour of the Washington Conference. They talked and worked against that measure of disarmament or, better, checking of armaments, and they are utterly opposed to the Kellogg Pact and to the spirit behind it. Not ten ships should they get and not five, nor one, because every ship voted to them, whether to be built now or merely authorized for some future date, will brand us as a nation of disgusting hypocrisy, pretending peace and in reality planning war.

Lest anyone think us too harsh in our reflections on the navy crowd let us call to our readers' attention some of its more recent twistings and misrepresentations. For two years past, as Frederick J. Libby has just pointed out, the navy crowd has been proclaiming that "America has only 16 cruisers to Britain's 40." He continues:

> Suddenly we are told "we have 40 cruisers and 22 of them need replacing." A pamphlet published by the Naval Intelligence Section of the Navy Department shows that we have 10 modern cruisers built and 8 building; and in addition to these 22 old cruisers are listed which the Navy propagandists have been omitting, which are now resurrected in order that they may be "replaced." Their ages are given. One of them is the Olympia, Dewey's flagship at Manila, 34 years old. Another is the Rochester, 35 years old.

Not unnaturally Mr. Libby asks why the Intelligence Section did not also list the Constitution or John Paul Jones's flagship as also to be "replaced." It is decades since anyone counted the Olympia and Rochester as available ships. Replacements are an afterthought—readily swallowed by the gullible Mr. Coolidge. When he made his Armistice Day speech there was nothing in it about replacements. Only when the outcry against it became great did he suddenly remember that these new ships were merely to replace antiquated ones. The late Congressman Butler, long a member of the House Naval Affairs Committee, declared when the chairman, Mr. Britten, offered this excuse a year ago: "I didn't know these cruisers were to be replacements. Nothing has been said about them [*sic*] being replacements so far as I know." He also declared that it was ridiculous to count in the survivals of Dewey's fleet. But that is the way the navy and its Congressional allies seek to fool the people.

Finally, we call attention to the fact that in November last the Navy's publicity bureau sought to break the force of the Peace Pact by calmly declaring that this had nothing to do with the question of security. Mr. Coolidge throughout his Administration has allowed that sort of insubordination to go unrebuked. It is time for the public to take it in hand, and we believe it will as it did last year. It is a case of giving no quarter. Not a single cruiser is needed and none should be authorized.

Exit Sin

ALL men of broad scientific training know that there is no satisfactory evidence for a divinely revealed code of conduct. Christians and Jews have the Ten Commandments, Buddhists the Noble Eightfold Path to Nirvana, and Mohammedans the dozen major injunctions of the Koran, but their "divine" origin will not stand scientific tests. These great historical codes of conduct represent the rich and varied experience of the human race—and nothing more.

So much the scholars know. But the average citizen does not know this because it has never been told to him in an unequivocal way. The newspapers which reach the common man rarely print anything which can be construed as an attack upon elementary religious belief, and the public school-teachers dare not question the conventional notion of the origin of the Ten Commandments because of the opposition of the churches. The result is that in a nation

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in which the physical sciences have won general acceptance, ethics is still surrounded by clouds of superstition and dogma.

Because of the wide divergence between scientific knowledge and educational practice we welcome the open attack upon the conventional notion of sin made by Professor Harry Elmer Barnes during the recent convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Mr. Barnes is an evangelist of modern science who recognizes what few scientists are willing to admit, that the transmission of scientific knowledge to common men is just as important a task for the scientist as is the discovery of laboratory truth. He said:

> If the Ten Commandments are to be obeyed today, it should be only when their precepts and advice can be proved to square with the best natural and social science of the present time. . . .
>
> The new cosmic perspective and biblical criticism, indeed, rule out of civilized nomenclature one of the basic categories of all religious and metaphysical morality, namely, *sin*. One may admit the existence of immorality and crime, but scarcely sin, which is by technical definition a wilful and direct affront to God—a violation of the explicitly revealed will of God. Modern science has shown it to be difficult to prove the very existence of God and even more of a problem to show any direct solicitude of God for our petty and ephemeral planet. Biblical criticism, the history of religions, and cultural history have revealed the fact that we can in no direct and literal sense look upon the Bible or any other existing holy book as embodying the revealed will of God. Consequently if we do not and cannot know the nature of the will of God in regard to human behavior, we cannot very well know when we are violating it. In other words, sin is scientifically indefinable and unknowable.

What Mr. Barnes said is a commonplace of historical science, but the tremendous clamor of opposition which it has aroused is the best possible demonstration of its need. But Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, made himself ridiculous by rebuking Mr. Barnes for "intruding a metaphysical, philosophical, and religious subject" into the program; whereupon Mr. Barnes pointed out several other addresses on the program which fell into the same category. From the pulpits has come a blast of misrepresentation picturing Mr. Barnes as opposed to morality because he rejects an outworn theological conception of immorality. Mr. Barnes can well afford to ignore this type of misrepresentation, but he must be profoundly distressed by the silence of many of his fellow-scientists who agree with every word that he said. Some of these colleagues are silenced by fear and some hold the old theory that belief in the supernatural sanction of moral laws is a useful illusion. The kind of men who commit crime, they reason, are more likely to be "moral" if they think that morality comes from the skies.

Doubtless this theory has something to be said for it; there are men who need vengeful Jahvehs in the sky and Billy-Sunday-hells in the earth to keep them good; and weak men crave cosmic illusions to make this sorry life endurable. But no scientist can traffic in such cowardice. The scientist's task is the relentless search for and the accurate statement of truth. If he allows a single compromise to creep into his practice, he will find presently that every superstition has its utility; that is to say, he will become a politician.

Of course, there is no proof whatever that goodness is increased by belief in the supernatural origin of moral codes; in practice, the reverse is often true. Race hatred and war and class discrimination persist in our civilization partly because our morality has been accepted on authority without the scientific examination which every social practice deserves. We shall have a better chance to remake our barbarous moral "laws" when we admit that they were man-made in the first place.

Shame to Mississippi

FIVE lynchings for 1928, not three as reported, blacken the name of Mississippi before the world. On December 26 Emanuel McCallum, a Negro automobile mechanic, was lynched near Hattiesburg, Mississippi; on December 31, Charley Shepherd, Negro convict, was burned alive near the town of Parchman in the same State. Shepherd had murdered a prison guard and abducted his daughter; after three days of pursuit through the delta, he gave himself up and voluntarily handed over his weapons to a white woman in return for her promise of protection from the mob—a promise which she vainly sought to keep. Shepherd thus presented no menace to officers of the law engaged in the legitimate business of apprehending him as a murderer and confessed rapist; nothing stood in the way of his orderly and proper trial and punishment under the laws of the State—except complete disregard of the law by every State's officer connected with the case from Governor Bilbo down!

The night before the burning took place the Governor passed through the town of Parchman; on his return he stopped off to view what remained of the corpse. He thus made himself a party to the lynching in the most revolting sense—that of bloodthirsty curiosity after the event. There is no record that he made his inspection as an indignant officer of the law, sworn to maintain order and decency in his State. There is, indeed, evidence to the contrary; for when Governor Bilbo was urged by citizens of his and other States to conduct an investigation into the gruesome affair, he announced: "I have neither the time nor the money to investigate 2,000 people," and let it go at that.

We respectfully suggest to Governor Bilbo that he need not investigate 2,000 people. He need only take steps to remove the sheriff of the county in which Shepherd was done to death, the Adjutant General of the Militia who declared that after he heard that the mob had the Negro "he ordered his troops home as he was thirty miles from the scene and couldn't do anything anyway," and the prison superintendent who called for troops to find the Negro but not to protect him when he was found. We maintain that if the Governor were minded to act entirely within his rights and invoke the law in some such manner as this, there would not be five lynchings in Mississippi in 1929. Other Southern States—notably Virginia, Georgia, and Tennessee—have by just such vigorous action removed lynching from the category of a pastime. There were no lynchings in those States last year.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

NEWSPAPERS are at their worst in dealing with any public figure who furnishes front-page stuff. Possibly it is asking too much to demand that the reporter should guffaw openly at every clown who offers him a generous amount of copy with which to magnify his space string, but the editorial writers have no stake in aiding the performance of each local show-off. In other words, I am amazed to find no sharp derision aimed at the antics of Grover Whalen, the current Police Commissioner of New York. Until a little while ago Mr. Whalen was the city's official greeter and an executive of Wanamaker's big department store. Released from these somewhat humdrum jobs it was to be expected that he should splutter and throb while still nascent, but there should be some limit placed even upon the activities of newly liberated elements.

Mr. Whalen, at the moment, leads all competitors in making the concepts of melodrama come true in real life. Indeed it would not be quite possible to put him in a play just now, for even an unsophisticated audience would rebel and say: "The fellow's overdrawn." Still if the new commissioner were merely a harlequin, both press and public could afford to sit back and chuckle. But like all comedians in high places there is real danger in his monkeyshines. Nobody can afford to laugh whole-heartedly when vicious principles are mixed with flamboyancy. Grover Whalen foams with ink and takes not a single step until a roll of news-print has been spread before him like a red carpet. The poor fellow is stage-struck and must have the spotlight.

But to gain this fierce radiance he has sacrificed some of the most fundamental principles of government and fair play. "There's a lot of law at the end of a nightstick," is the slogan which the commissioner has chosen as his favorite statement for his attending train of reporters. If this means anything it seems to indicate that the commissioner believes in clubbing first and asking questions later. This is not entirely new in American police practice and it has never been successful. Each day the papers proclaim that some raiding squad has gathered up a hundred, or even two hundred, suspects. This is good for headlines. Less attention is paid to the end result of the crusade.

Against many of the people arrested by Whalen's men there is no shadow of a case at all. Some of them are without doubt old offenders, but the law does not say that a man may be clapped in jail merely because he has a criminal record. The truth of the matter is that there is no law at all at the end of a nightstick if it is to be swung whenever a head which looks a little guilty pops up above the crowd. From a recent issue of the *Times* I quote a single paragraph:

> Squad No. 1 of Manhattan under Acting Lieutenant Patrick Fitzgibbons visited fifty poolrooms or other places suspected of harboring gangsters without finding any known crooks. Only in one resort, located in Avenue C, did the raiders find an armed man, and he promptly produced a pistol permit.

Already one magistrate has found it necessary to inform two prisoners brought before him through Whalen's activities that they had an excellent chance to sue for false arrest. To which one man replied sadly, "A hot chance I'd have with my record." But it is just as well for somebody to tell Grover Whalen that at the present time it is not a crime to be an ex-convict. The police have no right at all to hound unfortunates who have squared their accounts with society by serving sentences. Not only are these activities high-handed and illegal, but there is no efficiency in them. Only a few days ago mean crooks refused to wait about for the triumphal procession of the commissioner but went instead to a motion-picture theater and engineered one of the most daring hold-ups New York has ever known. Apparently there are some criminals so vicious that they do not hesitate to mar a night of triumph for Grover Whalen. His service as the city's greeter has evidently imbued him with the idea that he has to do no more than wear a gardenia to have all the most noted criminals rush forward for the privilege of shaking the hand which welcomed Queen Marie.

Mayor Walker appointed Mr. Whalen for the specific purpose of solving the Rothstein case which had baffled a dumb or dishonest force. Apparently no additional step has been taken to clear up this murder. One might almost suspect that the fuss and feathers of futile raids were intended to divert attention from this inadequacy.

In the matter of the liquor situation some credit should be given to Commissioner Whalen. The New York *Evening Telegram* undertook on its own responsibility to make a survey of the quality of stuff dispensed in speakeasies. Private analysis showed that many places were serving liquor distinctly poisonous. This list was turned over to the commissioner and he agreed to concentrate attention upon resorts where wood alcohol had been found. This seems to me a useful service, but I doubt if the commissioner will find it practical as a permanent policy to devote police attention only to places of the baser sort. Such a policy, of course, can have no legal standing. At present it is as much a crime to sell bad liquor as good. To the Anti-Saloon League all liquor is poisonous and I suppose the Drys would rather have it bad than good, or good enough. But the average New Yorker would undoubtedly prefer to have the safer speakeasies left unmolested and be protected in some wise against the use of poison. If the State Legislature can be induced to make special and severe penalties against the seller of dangerous liquor there could be more coherence in such a policy.

Prohibition makes the task of any New York Police Commissioner extremely difficult. It seems to me undeniable that New York City is overwhelmingly Wet in sentiment. This may be nullification but it is also a fact. No law is easy to enforce when the sentiment of a community fails to support it. More than ever before liquor is a corrupting influence upon the force. Instead if Grover Whalen wants an additional suggestion from a well-wisher I advise him to rule that not only will he give raiding preference to such places as sell bad liquor but that he will also descend with celerity upon any resort which undertakes to secure protection by payments to the police.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Labor Stands to Win the Election

By J. RAMSAY MacDONALD

WE are just stepping across the back-door threshold of 1928 and in by the front entrance of 1929, and we change the year with more than ordinary speculation as to what is in front of us. In 1929 the Government must go to the country for a verdict, and the general opinion is that it will lose its majority. The number of its friends have been sadly diminished, and those who retain any confidence in it have been diminished still more.

So I place in the forefront of the influences which are likely to change our rulers in a few months the fact that the Government is held in low esteem. No government had better chances. Its majority was not only unassailable, but docile. Until quite recently Mr. Baldwin has not lost an hour's sleep owing to worries as leader of his party. His failures as a leader have been innumerable; in the House of Commons again and again he has let down his followers badly. But it is not in the nature of Toryism to make things hard for its leader while its majority remains intact and while no rival challenges him. Had Mr. Winston Churchill been trusted, another story might have had to be told. So Mr. Baldwin has remained while his Government has steadily lost its grip upon the country. Scores of thousands of electors will vote simply against the Government; and others will refrain from voting altogether.

The Government has failed both in its home and its foreign policy, and both will figure largely in the coming election. The home failure will be made apparent by the increasing numbers of the unemployed, the devastation of some mining districts in particular, and the feeble handling which the Government has given to the whole problem. Warned as early as 1925 that a serious crisis was coming upon the coal industry, the Government waited with no policy; in 1926 when a dispute forced its hands it gave a subsidy to the trade which was handed out with so little system and forethought that it did more harm than good, and when the dispute was reopened the action of the Government was a main contributing cause of the general strike which followed; for the last two years the progressive paralysis of the industry found the Government in an equally serious paralysis of mind, so that today it wiggle-waggles between appeals for charity and responsible state action to alleviate the distress. The country looks on with feelings approaching impatient disgust.

Equally dissatisfied are our people with the Government's foreign policy. At the time of Locarno expectation ran high. The Government had inherited a good European position, and had only to handle it. More than Locarno was possible. General security was possible. Substantial disarmament was possible. Opportunity after opportunity went; the vision faded. We were led back to alliances, to the ranging of the European nations on opposite sides of the table. The disarmament problem was put in the keeping of admirals and generals; cold criticism of every departure from a trust reposed in force was our sole contribution to peace; Geneva was headed off from its unifying enthusiasms, and statesmen asked for applause when they managed to patch up difficulties and allay resentments which they themselves had just created. The Anglo-French agreement on sea and land forces filled our cup of disappointment to overflowing, and the way it was handled showed us the dangers that were threatening us. Every move made in getting that agreement and in publishing it, the secrecy and the prevarication, was wrong. It was done in the worst and most bungling manner of the old diplomacy. I am not one of those who believe that it was in any way aimed against the United States. A sufficient explanation of it all is our subordinate relations with France. The lover-like absorption of thought upon our one concern—to please France—led to a total neglect of our own interests and a complete oversight of how it would strike America. Be that as it may, the Government reponsible for that agreement is not one in whose keeping we can repose our national interests and safety.

The dissatisfaction of the country is now reflected in the demeanor of the Tory benches in the House of Commons. Up to now the "tally-ho" fox-hunting spirit of a Tory crowd has manifested in front of us. They have been gay and buoyant gentlemen, cheering the worst of speeches (with but rare exceptions) delivered from their Front Bench, a closely packed team working together in face of the enemy, letting fly perhaps, in their clubs and their smoking-rooms, but severely considerate of their party in the arena of Parliament. Within an hour of the beginning of this session a change was manifest. The team is loose; the Whips have to be strenuous in keeping it together; some of the most damaging attacks upon the Government policy have come from Tory members; a dispirited quietness has met the attacks from us; one after another has announced that he is not to stand again. They have the air of a beaten party. To pull them together all sorts of conferences and consultations with officials are being held, and it is even said that the Whips have requested that Tories taking part in debates should submit the substance of their speeches first of all to the Whips for approval. I have been told that the Prime Minister's recent speech in Glasgow left his audience dull and unmoved, and did harm to his prospects, and the only minister who is doing much work is Sir William Joynson Hicks who believes he can rally his party with the cracker explosions of his jumpy mind.

The attack will be delivered from two camps—the Liberal and our own. The much-advertised Liberal revival has not come off. A few months ago there was a hectic flush on its cheek which looked like health, but it is true to say that at this moment its fortunes and prospects are as low as they could well be. Before we began the discussions on the Local Government Bill which has now occupied our time since November, the Liberal press was proclaiming that the party was to lead in the debates and was to show at last what an opposition should be. The whole of the fighting has been left to us, the Liberal benches have been practically deserted, and in the divisions it has been invariably divided. The dissent within the party has broken out afresh, and on the crucial point of how it will use what strength it may

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have after the election it is split into three camps. One will support the Tory Government, one will follow Mr. Lloyd George and try to bargain, one will add its votes to ours. The country refuses to be moved by Liberal propaganda. There are some districts, like the South-West country, where liberalism has not lost its appeal (candidates there, however, are the survivors of Lord Oxford's following), but they are few and far between. Liberalism is uprooted in the industrial areas. Its most optimistic friends who retain any balance of judgment do not give it more than eighty seats after the election.

The Labor attack is enlivened by success. The by-elections this year have told heavily in our favor, and the municipal elections have been successful beyond expectation. The country expects us to do well, and it is quite content that we should do so. Lord Rothermere makes no secret of his belief that we shall have an actual majority; Mr. Garvin groans and moans and vociferates his unwilling belief that Lord Rothermere may be right and that at any rate we are the only party with that chance. The calmness of the country at the prospect is an extraordinary tribute to the success of the last Labor Government. People know that the Maxton-Cook and similar manifestos neither influence nor indicate Labor Party opinion, nor are they taken seriously except by cartoonists. A Labor government will be a government loyal to the decisions of the party and to the statement of policy contained in the manifesto recently published under the title of Labor and the Nation.

Three things are expected of us: First, a scientific handling of the unemployment problem; then a policy of sound finance and an application of the latest ideas regarding the relation of finance to industry; and finally, a diplomacy which will consider the whole European situation and be relieved of what virtually amounts to a subordination to that of France—a policy moreover, which, by a sympathetic understanding of our relative positions and needs, will put an end to the unnecessary friction and opposition arising between our country and the United States. It requires no gift of prophecy to see that the coming election, whatever may be its definite results, is to change radically in favor of Labor the relative strength of the parties in the House of Commons.

The Key to Latin-American Trade

By JULIUS KLEIN

IT has been the fate of Latin America ever since its earliest beginnings to be associated with fantastic tales of Inca treasure, of El Dorados, of opulent Montezumas, and sudden riches in general. This theme has run through its entire economic history in the minds of all too many traders, merchants, adventurers, and such like, as they first approach its shores. Competent Latin Americans themselves have been the first to point out the enormous difficulties which must be overcome before the commercial possibilities of that vast area can be fully developed along lines of mutual advantage.

A prevailing misconception, the error of which has been recognized repeatedly in the dispatches from the correspondents accompanying Mr. Hoover, is to the effect that all Latin America, including its commercial affairs, is regarded as more or less homogeneous. In spite of repeated warnings, this fundamental error is still all too common among our merchants. The points of resemblance, for example, between Mexico and Argentina are far more difficult to catalogue than their numerous fundamental differences, racial, geographical, climatical—in fact, in practically every element which affects the trend of trade. There is the widest possible range in such basic matters as buying power, as one goes from country to country. There is not even uniformity in the type of language that is used, though, of course, among the upper classes pure Spanish is current. Once one penetrates to the masses of the population there are not only wide ranges of indigenous tongues, but diametrically opposite meanings for the same words in Spanish—a situation which must be scrupulously checked in connection with advertising, correspondence, and other trade development operations.

Another characteristic of our Southern neighbors which must also be borne in mind is the profound geographic difficulty with which many of them are struggling as they endeavor to exploit the known riches of their resources. For instance, practically every one of the republics on the mainland, excepting the River Plate countries, has formidable mountain barriers blocking access to its hinterland. In the case of the West coast of South America this has meant, because of the unusually forbidding altitude and unbroken regularity of the Andes, that no rivers could break through and there is a consequent lack of good harbor facilities.

This proximity of lofty altitudes to the coastal cities, however, has a potential advantage in that it will provide abundant water-power near points of maximum consumption. Indeed this development has already been launched in Brazil and Chile and will undoubtedly correct in a measure one of the gravest shortcomings of many of these countries, namely, the lack of adequate native fuel. A long dependence upon foreign coal and petroleum has been a serious handicap in that it has retarded the development of industries as alternative employment for harvest hands in the off-season. The importance of this fuel question is being fully realized and accounts in part for the vigorous nationalistic policy with reference to petroleum in the case of Argentina and other countries.

Still another problem which has vexed the economic development of these countries has been their concentration upon one or two major commodities. This has been, of course, an obvious and natural tendency characteristic of all economically new lands, but its perils have frequently been felt in drastic fashion. The collapse of sugar, for example, has wrought havoc with Cuba in recent years. The increasing volume of synthetic nitrogen has presented a grave difficulty to Chile. Brazil is in constant anxiety whenever anything interferes with the steady price of coffee.

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Yucatan lives or dies according to the fluctuations of the sisal trade.

This situation has, of course, a vital bearing upon the whole future of trade in the countries involved. It simplifies the task of our exporters who can gauge their prospects rather closely by the trend in the price curve of the given raw material upon which the buying power of the various countries depends. The situation also explains the tendency of several of the Latin-American countries to evolve various official controls, valorization schemes, price-stabilizations, etc., in defense of the vital major industry.

In the long view, however, the resultant position must be regarded as precarious, and far-sighted Latin-American leaders are struggling to bring about a healthy diversification. In this task they certainly deserve the most effective collaboration from their Northern Anglo-Saxon neighbors, not simply in capital, but in technically trained personnel and in schooling for their own native experts. The 2,000 or more Latin-American students now in our technical establishments are an encouraging indication that this collaboration is well under way. Indeed, the whole of our own westward march across the continent, our struggles with precisely similar frontier difficulties, and our prolonged experiences with the same problems in transportation, mining, forestry, and agriculture, should certainly provide abundant sources of helpful experiences in solving these questions.

A widely prevalent fault in the thinking of our merchants with reference to Latin-American trade prospects is their inclination to assume that conditions are more or less static beyond our Southern horizon. One of the truly dramatic aftermaths of the World War has been the awakening and expansion of commercial life in the Latin-American countries. Their remoteness brought to them during the war the dangers of prolonged isolation from the streams of world trade, and this fact, coupled with the grave need in Europe for all types of foodstuffs and raw materials during the crisis of 1914-1918 and the reconstruction years thereafter, has resulted in a complete alteration of the commercial position of most of the countries. Their buying power has been profoundly stimulated. Take, for example, Venezuela and Colombia, which in pre-war days were among the most primitive markets in that part of the world. In 1913 these two republics bought about $10,000,000 worth of goods from us. In 1927 their joint purchases exceeded $90,000,000. There is no part of the world in which a comparable nine-fold increase in our trade was accomplished in that period of time. True, it has been made up in considerable quantities of oil-well equipment, railway supplies, road-building apparatus, etc., but large parts of this impressive expansion were also contributed by the increased purchasing power of the workers receiving improved wages from these new industries.

It is, therefore, folly for a North American merchant to dismiss from his plans for 1929 any Latin-American trade prospects for his commodities simply on the basis of some survey made a few years ago. Changes of paramount significance are going on throughout the economic fabric of these republics. The result has been a series of alterations in their buying habits, in their methods of dealing, and particularly in the types of goods required from foreign countries.

One phase of this particular trend has been the alteration in trading routes. Of course, the opening of the Panama Canal had something to do with this so far as the West coast countries are concerned, but another element has been the creation of new markets for Latin-American raw materials in the United States and the establishment of new shipping services and banking facilities which permit of the direct shipment of these wares from South to North instead of by way of European intermediaries. Before the war large portions of our importations of South American wool, hides, cacao, and other raw materials were being brought to us by way of London, Antwerp, Hamburg, Amsterdam, and other great European ports of transshipment. The dislocation of these round-about transactions has been most beneficial to the Latin-American producers, as well as to the North American consumers. It has resulted in the establishment of considerable credits in the United States against which purchases of machinery, agricultural implements, and other manufactured supplies are made with greater facility.

This latter point bears directly upon the much-distorted statement that "Latin America buys, or should buy, only from those to whom it sells"—the assumption being that such an arrangement would favor European traders as against our own. As a matter of fact, the United States is taking a rapidly increasing proportion of all of Latin America's exported commodities. Our share of those from the twelve Northern republics is just under 70 per cent of their total exports and for Latin America as a whole we provided a market for no less than 40 per cent of her total overseas sales—far larger than any single European country or even two or three major Old World consumers taken together.

In the case of the West coast countries, our advance in this respect is even more impressive, due, of course, in part to the influence of the Panama Canal. In 1901 we took 8 per cent of the total exports of that rapidly awakening area. Last year our share was more than 35 per cent. It is natural to find that our proportion is lowest in the case of the River Plate countries (7.6 per cent in 1927) since their products are so closely comparable to our own.

One important angle in this connection is the much misrepresented question of our tariff and its influence upon the trend of Latin-American imports to the United States. If we exclude Cuban sugar, which is in a preferential category because of the reciprocity treaty, we find that over 80 per cent of the goods coming into this country from our Southern neighbors are admitted free of all duties. In several cases, such as Chile, Brazil, Peru, and Mexico, the figure is considerably more than 90 per cent. This, of course, is due to the fact that the products are in large part non-competitive raw materials essential for our living standards.

With reference to our shipments to Latin America, the situation is almost exactly reversed, that is to say, more than 80 per cent of our exports are subject to tariffs in Latin America. This again is perfectly understandable and logical since our commodities are almost entirely manufactured goods, in many cases providing necessary revenues for the various countries and in other instances competing with rising young industries. So long as there are no arbitrary discriminations against our commodities and in favor of those of our competitors, we can offer no justifiable complaint.

As for the trade balance in general between the United

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States and the twenty Southern republics, it is not usually appreciated that the interchange is in their "favor." In 1927 their shipments to us exceeded $1,116,000,000, whereas our sales to them totaled slightly less than $932,200,000. In other words, the favorable balance for Latin America was not far from $184,000,000, a situation which has been characteristic in this trade from its very beginnings.

Many fears have been expressed as to our prospects in the event of sharp European trade drives in these markets. It has been alleged that the notable advance which we have made in recent years has been at the expense of our European rivals. It is quite true that England's share, for example, in the total imports of the twenty republics has fallen from 25 per cent in 1913 to 16 per cent in 1927. The proportion of Germany during the same interval fell from 16.5 per cent to 9.7 per cent. Meanwhile, our share has risen from 24 per cent to a little less than 38 per cent.

On the surface, it would seem that we had capitalized the grave preoccupations of the Old World by appropriating its hard-earned and badly needed Latin-American trade outlets. As a matter of fact, closer analysis of the situation country by country reveals that our gains have in almost every single case been made up of peculiarly North American specialities—automobiles, motion-picture films, ready-made clothing, agricultural implements, office appliances, etc., which had never been supplied by Europe in any quantity. Indeed as the countries of the Old World have revived their industries and commercial machinery, they have been able to rehabilitate their commerce without very serious impairment. In several countries the trade of Germany and England is already up to pre-war levels. In the case of Colombia and Venezuela, mentioned above, Germany's exports are now three times what they were in 1913 and England's have more than doubled. The difficulty seems to have been in the revival of production in Europe rather than in the stifling of consumption of European goods in Latin America.

In fact, Europe is far from crippled in her approaches to these new opportunities. There are four times as many British banks throughout Latin America as there are United States establishments of this sort. German progress in commercial aviation, to take another instance, is conspicuously successful in various parts of this region. The Europeans have been unusually vigorous in carrying out programs of governmental credit insurance, a vital element in dealing with such long-term-payment markets.

In conclusion, then, it would seem that our task was the age-old one of careful, painstaking, and thoroughly impartial analysis of each individual trade situation. There is no "typical Latin America" and, therefore, no one method of approach. We must at the very outset pay our Southern friends the compliment of appreciating the profound differences that prevail among their widespread populations and nationalities. As their living standards improve and the well-known riches of their resources become accessible, we are likely to see a steady advancement in their buying power.

But our share in those lucrative opportunities can be gained only by the strictest observations of the highest standards of square dealing and recognition of the mutuality of interest in every individual transaction. The responsibilities of the rank and file of our merchants and traders is of paramount significance in this situation. Each member of our business community must regard himself as an individual "good-will ambassador" and in that capacity he must comport himself with scrupulous care and, above all things, in the light, not of lurid after-dinner orations—either pro or con—on Latin-American questions, but with the guidance of the clear, cold reflection of actual facts. We have had far too much emotionalism in the contemplation of our Latin-American commercial problems. These newer opportunities which are beckoning to us now must be developed with infinite pains and just as far as possible with first-hand analysis, not by underlings or student apprentices, but by responsible executives. The opportunities are there; let us not be guilty either of scorning or, worse still, of bungling them.

What Mr. Hoover Did Not See

By ARNOLD ROLLER

TRIUMPHAL arches, multitudes shouting Viva Hoover, festoons of flowers on public buildings decorated in his honor, avalanches of confetti and ticker tape, salutes of twenty-one cannon shots at every port as due to visiting potentates greeted Hoover at every place he visited on his celebrated "good-will' and inspection tour of "our" American empire.

While the Latin-American peoples, or rather governments, were ostensibly paying homage to the prospective potentate of the Western Hemisphere, the press of the United States recorded every word and smile of his which might be politically significant, and blazoned in startling head lines every fish he caught, as if he were Coolidge himself. It was, at least according to the press representatives in Mr. Hoover's entourage, a happy trip. Everywhere the President-elect encountered affection; everywhere the Latin-American peoples declared themselves blessed with prosperity and happiness, resulting from a century of the Monroe Doctrine and seven years of the Coolidge Administration. None of the Latin-American peoples, it seems, was struck by the irony of a battleship as the vehicle of good-will; and except for a few troublesome Communists and anti-imperialists here and there, who were promptly repressed, no one took the trouble to enlighten the great Yankee chief that life below the Rio Grande, under the domination of the United States, is not all milk and honey.

Mr. Hoover, radiating good-will under the guns of the U. S. S. Maryland, made his first stop in the Gulf of Fonseca. This was reported by the press of the United States as the first stop in Latin America. Actually, this gulf, bordered by Honduras, Salvador, and Nicaragua, is dominated by the United States, which has a ninety-nine-year lease to a naval base there. In 1916, by the Bryan-Chamorro treaty, Nicaragua "sold" this base to the United States. The

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treaty was obtained at the point of the bayonets of United States marines who had been pacifying Nicaragua for three years. At that, Nicaragua had no "right" to sell the naval base to the United States. The republics of Honduras and Salvador protested the sale. They appealed to the Central-American Court of Justice, pointing out that the Gulf of Fonseca belonged to several countries and therefore Nicaragua had no right to dispose of it. The court was originally created by the United States and foisted upon Central America, but when it sustained the protests of Honduras and Salvador, both the United States and the puppet government in Nicaragua refused to abide by the decision. The court collapsed and the United States retained its naval base.

In this naval base Mr. Hoover first stopped at the Honduran port of Amapala. He delivered a soothing oration in which he omitted to mention that in the past twenty years United States battleships have visited Amapala five times. They did not always come on missions of good-will. They came with marines to prevent the victory of the Liberals, to reestablish order, and to prolong the civil wars, with the excellent result that American loans and investments in Honduras rose from $4,000,000 in 1910 to the comfortable sum of $40,000,000 in 1925.

Seemingly under the impression that all this is dead and buried, Mr. Hoover assured the Hondurans that the United States desires "to maintain . . . cordial relations of governments with each other" and that "the blood of our forefathers is pledged to national independence and self-government." Nobody, it appears, told him that while he was speaking Honduras continued to prepare for war against Guatemala. That is, the Cuyamel Fruit Company, an American firm, was pushing the puppet government of Honduras to wrest an outlet to the sea for its bananas from the puppet government of Guatemala, controlled by the United Fruit Company, a rival American concern. Incidentally, in Guatemala, which Mr. Hoover omitted to visit, he might have observed the operation of a labor law which would have made him and the National Manufacturers Association turn green with envy. This law makes striking a crime. It provides three years' imprisonment for participating in a strike, and eight to fourteen years for "inciting" to strike.

To judge by the press reports, Mr. Hoover did not see the war preparations on behalf of American fruit companies, but blandly proceeded to the Salvadorian port of La Union. He did not see much of the country, or even of the town of La Union. It is one mile from the harbor to the city. The distance can be covered in two minutes by automobile. But, as befits the world's leading political efficiency man, Mr. Hoover considered two minutes a waste of time, and received the officials of Salvador in a building owned by American railway interests. Among the officials who greeted him was the Customs Collector of Salvador, an American nominated by American corporations "with the concurrence of the Secretary of State of the United States."

The following morning found Mr. Hoover's good-will dreadnaught in the harbor of Corinto. The President-elect now gazed on the shores of the sovereign and independent republic of Nicaragua. As he landed he beheld on a pedestal a woman clad in white, posing as the statue of Liberty. Beneath this imitation of New York's immortal symbol stood the three great patriots and heroes of Nicaraguan sovereignty and independence. One was Emiliano Chamorro, former President of Nicaragua, who for sixteen years, in and out of office, had faithfully served American investors in Nicaragua. The second national hero was Diaz, the outgoing President, who was maintained in office by the bayonets of United States marines. The third was General Moncada, the incoming President. This national hero, who is now President of Nicaragua, was formerly a national hero of Honduras. He was then a leader of the Conservatives and supported a war against the Liberal Government of Nicaragua. In 1920 he became a leader of the Nicaraguan Liberals, whom he had violently attacked a short while before. To the United States these were minor matters.

Chamorro, Diaz, and Moncada did their stuff. They lauded the American marines, begging Mr. Hoover to keep them in Nicaragua. They assured him that the Nicaragua Canal, which the United States wants so badly, would be a "bulwark and demonstration of liberty." Echoing Mr. Hoover's own thoughts, they told him that "United States naval bases at each end of the canal will be necessary defenses." The Nicaraguan people, these national heroes told their distinguished guest, "by the special circumstances of history and geography feel themselves bound to the people of the United States." Lest it be said that Anglo-Saxons are less imaginative than Latins, Mr. Hoover congratulated the Nicaraguans because they have finally "settled their internal difficulties." Everybody agreed that Sandino was a "bandit"; everybody was happy.

Then Mr. Hoover hurried on to Costa Rica. He landed at the port of Punta Arenas, where in 1919 another American warship poured out marines who came to protect American property. Here the recent Secretary of Commerce must have reflected with satisfaction that American investments in Costa Rica had risen from $6,000,000 in 1905 to $30,000,000 in 1927. The Costa Rican Government had enough sense of humor not to parade its "army" before the Yankee prince. Instead they greeted Hoover with a parade of 5,000 school-children, pointing out to the visitor that the number of men in the Costa Rican army is less than 25 per cent of the number of Costa Rican teachers. Mr. Hoover congratulated the country on solving the question "of land and home ownership," but said nothing about the unsettled problem of the San Juan River, which will form part of America's Nicaragua Canal. This river forms the frontier of Costa Rica.

The outstanding episode of Mr. Hoover's visit to Ecuador, according to the American press, was the Spanish *abrazo*. It seems that the President of Ecuador gave the President-elect of the United States this kissless embrace and Mr. Hoover was not embarrassed. He was equally unembarrassed by the fact that in the interior of Ecuador Indians are being sold into slavery to American rubber companies in Peru. In fact Mr. Hoover did not mention this fact, but said instead that "true democracy is not and cannot be imperialistic."

But Mr. Hoover's greatest reception came in Peru. There he was treated to the triumphal ceremony of the old Spanish viceroys. This did not make him uncomfortable; after all he was, so to speak, at home. Though nobody mentioned the fact in all the grandiloquent speeches, the customs administration of Peru is under American control, the Peruvian navy is directed by an American naval mission, the national budget is drawn up by an American agent, the taxes

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are collected by an American mission, the reserve-bank system is headed by Americans, the air-mail service is under American control, the American oil and mining companies are practically exempt from taxes and enjoy special laws to the detriment of the natives, and the United States maintains a virtual naval base opposite Callao, the port of Lima, near the island of San Lorenzo.

Ignoring these basic facts of American imperialism in Latin America, Mr. Hoover poured out his stock phrases about "ordered liberty" in Peru, "which contributes to diminish the destructive forces." To which Professor Leguia replied politely something about America's "inherent horror of all conquest." Mr. Hoover listened to these remarks from the dictator who seized power in 1919 by a *coup d'état* and who maintains himself by the strength of the gendarmes and the American companies. Mr. Hoover complimented this dictator on his "ordered liberty," knowing nothing, presumably, about the political prisoners, bourgeois liberals as well as mild labor leaders, who are dying on the arid island of San Lorenzo. He said nothing about the annual revolts of Indian peasants, repressed by wholesale massacres in the name of "ordered liberty."

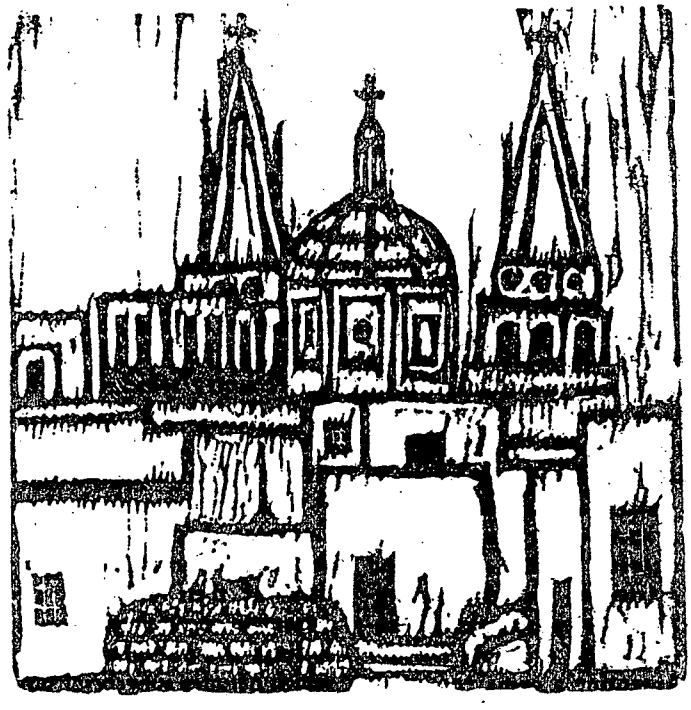
Satisfied with the "ordered liberty" of Peru, Mr. Hoover proceeded to the Chilean port of Antofagasta, where he received the Bolivian delegation. Mr. Hoover did not visit Bolivia itself, so he did not see the fervent patriotism of the Bolivian politician, anxious to fight Paraguay for an outlet to the Atlantic on the Paraguay River, so necessary for Standard Oil tankers, and for the petroleum reserves of the Chaco Boreal, so dear to the heart of American oil investors. But perhaps the Bolivian delegation which greeted Mr. Hoover at Antofagasta included the two American administrators of the Permanent Fiscal Commission of Bolivia, appointed in New York and Washington. Perhaps these Americans informed their President-elect that 97 per cent of the total national revenue in Bolivia is pledged and 60 per cent actually paid to American bankers. Perhaps they told him that the sovereign and independent republic of Bolivia cannot buy a single rifle without the consent of the American fiscal agent. By staying out of Bolivia, Mr. Hoover spared himself the sight of Indian miners working in the Caracoles mines of the Guggenheims, at 15,000 feet altitude, where —in the tropics—it snows in summer.

Instead, he hurried on to Valparaiso and Santiago, where Ibañez, the dictator of Chile, greeted the American good-will mission. Ibañez, tool of the Guggenheim nitrate interests, was formerly leader of a "liberal" military revolution and Chile's war minister. Supported by the army and the gendarmes, he sent the President on a "vacation," appointed himself "sole national candidate," and imprisoned or deported all Liberal or Opposition deputies as soon as he was "elected" President. After Ibañez had destroyed Chile's labor unions, the British and native owners of nitrate fields, who felt unable to meet the high export taxes, were succeeded in the control of the nitrate fields by the Guggenheims. The Guggenheims, due to a new process of nitrate elaboration, are able to pay the nitrate export taxes, necessary to Ibañez for the support of his dictatorship.

Ibañez exiled all his opponents of the Right and Left, including deputies and labor leaders, to the MasAfuera Islands (the Robinson Crusoe islands) 500 miles from the mainland. Communist deputies and a senator were sent to the uninhabited Easter Island, 2,000 miles out in the Pacific, where ships arrive only once every two years. Mr. Hoover did not see these islands, and he made no references to these matters in his speeches before going on to Argentina.

Here he burst into rhapsodies about the beauties of Buenos Aires, and was so preoccupied studying the lovely parks and magnificent public buildings that he barely noticed the demonstration of anti-imperialists who carried banners with some simple truths on them. Unable or unwilling to read these banners, Mr. Hoover's pleasant stay in Argentina was not marred by memories of Sandino or by other aspects of marine rule in Latin America. The police of Buenos Aires, which diligently frustrated a "bomb plot" against the great visitor, broke up the demonstrations, injuring several participants. Besides, Mr. Hoover was spiritually fortified against such unpleasant incidents, for he had already decided in Palo Alto, just before starting on his good-will mission, that such demonstrations are only schoolboy pranks.

An American Pangloss, trained to see only the best in the best of all possible hemispheres, he proceeded to Rio de Janeiro, where he could shut his eyes to the misery of workers whose entire worldly possession consists of their shirt and trousers and whose daily wages range from the price of an egg to that of two pounds of sugar. Thus ended the Grand Tour. Unfortunately, the exigencies of power compelled Mr. Hoover to rush back to Washington. He thus omitted Cuba from his journey. But perhaps it was just as well, for some Cubans, emboldened by the absence of the great man, uttered aloud the secret thought of Latin America. Had Mr. Hoover visited Cuba, some indiscreet secretary might have translated to him the following remarks from the *Comercio* of Cienfuegos:



> No sumptuous banquets, nor Aladdin-like receptions should be offered to him, rather we should parade our beggars and poor before him—the result of Cuba's economic slavery—due to foreign banks operating here without offering any aid at all.

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President Irigoyen of Argentina

By PAUL VANORDEN SHAW

"NO longer will the government of the United States intervene in the internal life of other countries." President-elect Hoover is reported to have made this statement to President Hipolito Irigoyen of the Argentine Republic; and no other man than Irigoyen, among the Presidents and leaders of Latin-American countries, could elicit such a promise or near-promise from a President or President-elect of even the United States. That is Irigoyen. Unique, strong, fearless, and unbowed before the mighty of the world or before his own legislature if it legislates against what he considers the best interests of his first and only love —Argentina.

No one is less like the average moving-picture conception of a Latin-American President than this so-called "mystery man" of Argentina. If his type should become common movies will have to seek elsewhere for comic presidential caricatures. If Irigoyen were President of Timbuctoo he would be a figure of international importance.

In her relations to the United States, Argentina occupies a peculiar place. She is the only Latin-American country which competes materially and effectively with the United States. Her meat and wheat exports affect to no small degree our disgruntled American farmers. The Fordney-McCumber tariff, on the other hand, is a sore point in the Argentine. It is not likely that Mr. Hoover left Buenos Aires without having this point recalled to his attention. Secondly, Argentina is a strong rival for leadership among the Spanish-speaking countries of America. Traditionally suspicious of Brazil because of their respective geographical positions and because of Brazil's long unbroken friendship with the United States, Argentina has looked more and more to her own neighbors for influence, comfort, and economic gain. In the third place, Argentina is probably more nationalist than the other countries, and more, her President happens to be Hipolito Irigoyen, and that in itself is a whole set of problems. Let it be said immediately, however, his is no stupid hundred per cent national loyalty. It is more nearly true patriotism than militant and blatant nationalism.

With Irigoyen at the helm Argentina refuses to send representatives to the Washington Conference on Arbitration and Conciliation. She asks with perfect sang-froid why, and for what purpose, and in what capacity Mr. Hoover is coming to the Argentine and makes other embarrassing remarks not ordinarily made in polite Pan-American society. She questions with a superior air United States-Caribbean policy and protests against this or that action of the United States when most other nations would rush to cover.

The recent dispatch regarding a possible loan by Argentina to Costa Rica is the most interesting news in years of inter-American affairs. If this loan materializes then we shall have a powerful Latin-American country poaching on traditional North American preserves. The effects and possibilities are infinite, and only Irigoyen would even suggest such a thing. It might be the first step in making Pan-Hispanism a reality, giving body to what are now literary unrealities. It might make the Argentine a co-partner with the United States by developing in her an equal sense of responsibility for maintaining Caribbean and Central-American peace and order. Or it might widen the distance between the two countries and bring their rivalry to a head, forcing a showdown on the whole business of Pan-Americanism and Pan-Hispanism.

But Irigoyen is quite willing to defy the world. During his first term he attempted to democratize the League of Nations and withdrew Argentina's active support when that body refused to make effective his suggestions. He uses no uncertain language in dealing with England regarding the Falkland Island dispute and is quite likely to speak up in meeting anywhere.

Irigoyen has become President of his beloved country on two occasions, under rather extraordinary circumstances. In 1916 he was the first President for many years not imposed by his predecessor, and the first to be elected under the new secret compulsory voting law, a measure he had fought for in his earlier political life. Incidentally it should be noted that he went to his inauguration in a street car! And in 1928 he was elected by an overwhelming majority as the candidate of the *Personalista* wing of the Union Civica Radical—a radical party representing the masses of the Argentine. In this inauguration he accepted the reins of government from retiring President Alvear without making a speech. In neither campaign had he made speeches, believing that if he were wanted and needed no word of his was necessary.

It was felt by many that if Hoover were to see below the surface on his triumphal tour it would be with Irigoyen as guide. Latin-American courtesy, economic considerations, and diplomacy would dictate splendid, showy receptions. In a sense these, like all other receptions, would reveal nothing more than the attitude of a small official class and of even a smaller per cent of the total population. Secretary Colby's reception in 1920 was extremely cool in Argentina as compared with the spontaneous cordiality shown elsewhere, and it was thought Mr. Hoover, too, might find a rather frigid atmosphere.

It is well known that Irigoyen sets out to please a representative from Chile or Paraguay with greater warmth and animation than he does one from a mightier but more distant land. He feels that Argentina's happiness and prosperity depend much more on the good-will and economic welfare of her neighbors than upon that of a distant country which though preaching "the rights of small nations" and the "open-door policy" intervenes in smaller nations and enacts tariffs detrimental to the interests of Argentine wheat growers and cattle raisers.

In this general aloofness toward North American and European, Irigoyen is alone. Others may feel contempt for the culture and policies of the United States, but in the light of their economic needs and of the power of the American eagle they cravenly or courteously hide their true feelings and put on a mask of civility (and even of servility) which deludes superficial observers. Their breasts may burn

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with wrath and anger but their faces are all cheerful smiles.

Irigoyen, though charming, is too much of a realist and too sincere to indulge in histrionics. He cares nothing for show. He has never lived in the presidential palace. He dislikes making speeches, yet he can talk an opponent around to his point of view with ease and tact. It is interesting to note how he is winning over his political enemies in these early months of his second term. He is almost the only Latin American living who, without beating around the bush, would consign an antagonist to a region hotter than the tropics. Not that he is the "Hell-and-Maria" type; he simply does not like to waste time. He is impervious to public opinion and he has an uncommonly lofty conception of his office and of his function in life. Who but Irigoyen would refuse to declare war against Germany when the legislature of his country overwhelmingly voted for war; when Argentine students, those passionate and effective molders of public opinion, clamored for war; when all "enlightened" people spat "Pro-German" in his face? Who but Irigoyen could refuse to capitulate to war hysteria? None! Whether it was because he was for Germany or not is beside the point. His whole public life is proof that Irigoyen is above everything, at all times, in all places, pro-Argentina. In the second place, he is pro-Latin America; but mainly because he believes Argentina's present and future are more closely linked with her Spanish-speaking neighbors than with the United States or with Europe.

He does not dislike foreign investments but invites them. He does believe, however, that a parallel movement, sinking deeper the roots of Argentine culture, should go on more speedily than the influx of outside capital and the cultures it represents. The roots of Argentine culture are in Spain. Therefore his interest in Spain and things Spanish. The more Argentina's roots are nourished in Spain the more sturdy the branches and flowers in Argentina, the less liable to blight by contact with the thorns or the fruits of other civilizations.

Irigoyen is now seventy-four years old, hale and hearty and energetic. He still lives something of a hermit's life. He is rich and has never accepted his salary as President, but has always turned it over to charity. This may account for his extreme honesty with regard to public funds. He enjoys the confidence of the people. Though of aristocratic birth he has become identified with the masses and is, therefore, not the idol of the landed aristocrats who own 80 per cent of Argentine land. He has been a professor of history and psychology at the University of Buenos Aires. He sees clearly and seems to lack the emotionalism of most Latins. He is a radical but his radicalism must be studied in the light of the extreme conservatism of the landed aristocracy of his country.

Because of his fearlessness, his devotion to Latin-American welfare, his experience and personality, many Latin Americans pin their faith on Irigoyen. They believe that he alone can stem the tide of North American political and economic imperialism.

Brazil, Laboratory of Civilization

By RUDIGER BILDEN

A CERTAIN German traveler of the early nineteenth century sneeringly stigmatized Brazil as "das Land der Affen, Pfaffen, Ratten, und Mulatten." The ubiquitous Harry Franck contemptuously speaks of the Brazilian people in his "Working North from Patagonia" as a "mongrel race" ruled by a "mulatto government." Like characterizations might be cited ad infinitum. Whether expressly stated or broadly implied, their meaning is always the same: the heterogeneous racial origin of the Brazilian spells inferiority. Unfortunately, these opinions cannot be dismissed as readily as one dismisses their authors, for they reflect a well-nigh universal attitude, notoriously more prevalent in the United States than in Europe, despite all protestations of Pan-American brotherhood and amity. Even the Argentinian, boastful of purer European descent, affects to look down upon his Brazilian neighbor. Nor is the attitude confined to the popular mind. Scientists who should know better commit similar intellectual atrocities against Latin America, and Brazil in particular.

To make matters worse, condemnation abroad is echoed in Brazil. Due chiefly to the influence of foreign literature, European immigration, and, of late, American prestige and penetration, many Brazilians are inclined to accept the alleged inferiority of colored races and the effects of intermixture and hence to regard the future of their country as seriously prejudiced. At least two outstanding and influential writers, the sociologists Euclydes da Cunha and Oliveira Vianna, take this pessimistic view. Too often has the writer met the argument from educated Brazilians: "What can you expect of a nation descendant from Portugese, Indians, and Negroes?" In such cases it is futile to suggest that the explanation might be historical rather than biological; that the probable cause of existing evils is not organic, but environmental; not race, but a combination of flexible, interrelated forces, such as century-long domination and exploitation by a prematurely exhausted and decadent Portugal, colonial isolation, four centuries of slavery, attendant social conditions, lack of sufficient and healthy immigration, cultural inbreeding, etc. Such an interpretation is too complex and involves too great a mental strain.

Territorially immense, partly unexplored, highly diversified in topography, climate, and human life, Brazil is still as to both natural and cultural phenomena largely an unknown quantity, despite a century of scientific study by foreigners and the very creditable work done by the Brazilians themselves within more recent years. Moreover, available information, which at best is fragmentary in proportion to the vastness and complexity of the field, is not popularly diffused, least of all perhaps in the United States. Goodwill is a commendable state of mind, but likely to be sterile

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unless supported by at least elementary knowledge of the country which is its object. For example, ignorance of the fact that Brazil is Portuguese in origin and language precludes any understanding of Brazilian culture and most particularly of the race problem, for both were fundamentally determined by the course and character of Portuguese colonization.

The following basic facts must be grasped at the outset: Brazil is not simply one of twenty-odd countries "south of the Rio Grande," but one of the two great divisions which form the entity conveniently, but somewhat incongruously, termed Latin America. As Portuguese America, it is in territory and population to Spanish America approximately in the ratio of two to three. The fact that it is today, more even than Anglo-America, a political and national unit and not, like Spanish America, split up into a motley array of states, is due chiefly to the action of forces born of Portuguese colonization.

Difference in mode of settlement, conditioned by difference in historical development at home and in environment overseas, determined the pronounced distinction between the two divisions of Latin America. While the Spaniard, sword in one hand and cross in the other, went in quest of gold, adventure, and proselytes, the prosaic and realistic Portuguese made of his portion of the New World that for which it was ideally suited—the greatest agricultural colony and for centuries the proverbial land of dye-wood, sugar, tobacco, and other tropical products. When English colonists in North America numbered only hundreds and the Spanish were still busy choking treasures out of Mexico and Peru, the Portuguese had covered the Brazilian coast from the Amazon almost to the La Plata with a continuous chain of healthy, prosperous settlements. He did this by a threefold system: plantation agriculture, slavery, and racial amalgamation. His action is customarily explained on the basis of inherent characteristics produced by his well-known polygenetic origin. But why look so far for a cause when historical factors provide a quite satisfactory explanation? Compelled early by a combination of forces to take to the sea, Portugal had developed during the fifteenth century the African slave trade, sugar culture, and plantation slavery as integral parts of its pioneer service in ocean navigation and exploration. During the following century it held, with a population hardly exceeding a million and a half, a vast empire, including Brazil, most of the African coast, a large part of the Asiatic, and the East Indian islands. The extent and character of Portuguese overseas enterprise, shortage of man-power, the tropical climate, the sparsity and very primitive state of the indigenous population, and related factors combined to bring about the colonization of Brazil by means of the latifundium, imported slave labor, and the creation of a half-breed class suited to the milieu and wedded to the Lusitanian cause. By no other system could Portugal have maintained and developed the possession.

Miscegenation was officially encouraged in Brazil for reasons of state. Besides, it was practiced individually from necessity and habit. White women being scarce, the early settlers readily cohabited with their Indian and Negro slaves. Indeed everything favored full indulgence in a propensity acquired by the Portuguese during the long centuries of Moorish conquest of Portugal and later during the first colonial ventures on the African coast. Though sometimes received into the master class or reduced to servitude, the offspring went for the most part to form a useful and necessary class of free and half-free retainers. In consequence, Brazil grew up as a slave society in which the pure white element was numerically inferior and race lines were drawn more loosely than in any other country of European origin. Later developments operated to accentuate this trend.

It would be erroneous, however, to assume that no animosity whatsoever existed between the three fundamental ethnic groups: white, Indian, and Negro. To be sure, the first of these participated in the intermixture incomparably more by concubinage than marriage. The general stratification of society according to race, the fact that the ruling and proprietary class was predominantly white, the slave class Indian or Negro, and the intermediary, propertyless class hybrid, produced necessarily a certain amount of racial discrimination and friction. On the other hand, the character of Portuguese colonization precluded such rigid identity of race and class as existed in the English and Dutch colonies and to a less extent in the French and Spanish, and made for considerable overlapping of the lines which steadily increased with time. This tendency was intensified by the action of the distinctive Brazilian milieu. Less harsh, at the same time more humane and morally lax than any corresponding system in America, Brazilian slavery and the society resting upon it almost placed a premium on inter-breeding, and left the bondman various avenues of escape into liberty. Increasingly, restrictions on the social and economic rise of members of the enslaved races became less severe. What antagonism there was operated more among master, retainer, and slave, rather than among white, half-caste, and Indian or Negro. It tended to disappear as these social distinctions disappeared. Throughout the three centuries of the colonial regime a gradual but steady softening of race lines can be observed. It received its greatest single impetus during the Age of Independence (1808-1831), with the termination of the political and social supremacy of the European Portuguese and the consequent solidarity of all free Brazilians, regardless of race, against the mother country. Thereafter the modernization of Brazilian life and the gradual abolition of slavery (1808-1888), culminating in the Emancipation Act (1888), and followed up by the establishment of the Republic (1889), had the inevitable effect of greatly accelerating the social equalization and hence fusion of the diverse ethnic elements. It is a significant fact that, whereas the sudden, catastrophic solution of the slavery problem in the United States has sharpened racial antagonism and raised a cancerous growth in the social body, the rational and constructive solution of the same problem has produced in Brazil greater harmony and solidarity. Needless to say, however, this variance is originally and fundamentally conditioned by the different historical antecedents of Anglo-Saxon and Por-

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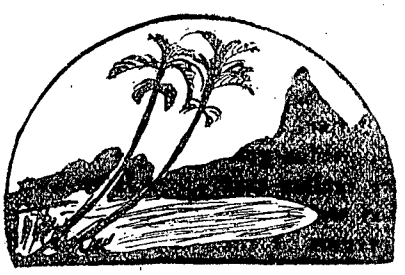
tuguese and by contrasting methods of colonization employed in the two countries.

It may be said that Brazil has today neither race distinction nor race problem in the North American sense. It is the only land of European origin and background where three fundamental divisions of mankind meet on terms of comparative equality, live in peace side by side, and intermingle to form a new human compound, suited to the tropical milieu and endowed with distinctive gifts. To the three comes of late a fourth, the Japanese, albeit in numbers small thus far, but promising to become larger in the future. Yet at the most the last mentioned will always be a secondary and sectional ingredient.

Legal barriers between these groups are of course wholly absent. Social discrimination is slight and based on individual preference and class. Foreign residents, North European immigrants, and native Brazilians affected by foreign viewpoint show naturally less inclination to associate and intermingle with colored people. Moreover, the predominantly white upper class, largely descendant from the old slave-holding aristocracy and hence imbued to a certain extent with the tradition and psychology of the latter, refuses in the majority to mix by marriage with persons obviously of colored origin, although a certain percentage has done so in the past and still does, primarily for the same reasons that urge members of the oldest English and German nobility to marry Jewish heiresses. This animus works far more against the Negro than against the Indian, because the stigma of servitude rests chiefly on the former. In fact, the oldest and most aristocratic planter families of Pernambuco and S. Paulo point with pride to their sixteenth-century Indian ancestry. Families of less distinction behave likewise with regard to more recent admixture of the same blood. On the whole, discriminatory tendencies are held in check by the liberal and humane attitude generally prevailing in the country. Some years ago universal and vociferous indignation forced an American nursing school in Rio to rescind its refusal to accept a Negro girl as pupil. Everywhere in Brazil members of colored races, not excluding pure Negroes and Indians, are socially admitted to exclusive circles or intrusted with high political offices, provided they have the requisite qualifications. Numerous distinguished statesmen, politicians, scholars, artists, writers, etc., of the Empire and the Republic were more or less tainted with the blood of the slave. It would be an extensive list which attempted to name present-day Brazilians of this type, some of them representing the very peak of achievement.

Nevertheless, broadly speaking, race lines still follow class lines, despite generous overlapping. The lower the class, the darker the blood. In consequence, intermarriage, both absolute and relative, is most pronounced at the bottom. Nor could it be otherwise. The native white element was dominant for four centuries and has accumulated an economic and cultural advantage which at best can be overcome only by an increasing number of individuals, not by the former subject races as a body. The European immigrant is by training and background generally superior to the lower-class Brazilian and therefore quickly improves his status. The Negroid element is handicapped, moreover, by the fact that the abolition of slavery, while constructive, was not constructive to the point of freeing it from its dismal and insidious heritage. Only a number of generations can accomplish that end. The Indian element, for similar reasons, is rather in the same position.



All these observations have of course strictly general value in a country as vast and diversified as Brazil. A legacy of Portuguese colonization, which is an invaluable potential advantage, is the division of the country into a dozen or more autonomous culture areas varying considerably in topography, climate, economic life, and hence in ethnic composition. Inevitably, the aspect of the race problem varies accordingly. To mention only a few of these sections: the Amazon Valley is overwhelmingly populated by pure or mixed Indians; the central littoral from Pernambuco to Bahia, the home of the old sugar culture, is more than 60 per cent Negroid; the Northeastern "Sertão" is inhabited by a thorough white-Indian mixture; the four Southern states are at least three-fourths white. These divisions, necessarily very broad, contain each, of course, larger and smaller sections widely different in ethnic composition.

As may be judged from what has been said so far, the trend of intermixture is decidedly in favor of the white race. The whites and would-be whites not only have the advantage of number and social status, but their ranks are continuously swelled by contingents from Europe. Since the early eighteenth century Brazil has received some 3,500,000 immigrants, more than nine-tenths of whom were Europeans. Influx from Europe is bound to increase greatly in the near future. The Negroid element, on the other hand, has received practically no addition from abroad since the final suppression of the slave trade in 1856. It and the Indian face gradual but inevitable extinction through excessive mortality and absorption. In other words, the Brazilian is becoming steadily more and more white. The Brazilian race problem will be nearly solved when the North American problem reaches a crisis.

Since admixture of non-white blood is least marked in the upper strata of society and intermixture travels from the bottom upward, supremacy of the white race in the management of the country and in the solution of the fundamental problems of Brazilian civilization seems assured. Another factor in this direction is the tendency of the preponderantly white South to assume leadership in national affairs, because of the tremendous stimulus received from European immigration. Yet the average Brazilian will never be wholly white. Nor will he be uniform. He will show great sectional variation in degree of white purity according to longitude and to a more limited extent also according to latitude. Taken as a unit, however, the Brazilian of the future will represent a new race, neither white, Indian, nor Negro, although the first class will predominate. He will be well suited, by blending and by adjustment to environment, to realize the amazing promise which his country holds forth. He will have distinctive energy and fine endowments, among them a feeling for sensuous beauty and an appreciation of the effervescence of life, qualities which distinguish even the Brazilian of today.

The vital importance of Brazil to the world at large lies in the fact that in that

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country have been solved and are being solved fundamental problems of civilization. The gradual abolition of slavery, whereby ethnic amalgamation was placed on the present constructive basis, is, if not the only, at least the foremost modern instance of a fundamental social and economic transformation of a complete society without war, revolution, or other form of violence. Today Brazil has progressed far on the road toward a harmonious blending of diverse and supposedly incompatible ethnic elements into a new tropical race. In this process the more primitive groups are not, as in the Anglo-Saxon countries, rigidly subjected to the cultural standards of the dominant group, but are surprisingly free to make characteristic and valuable contributions. It is left to the discrimination of the reader to decide, in the light of the foregoing observations, whether Brazil should be dubbed, after the manner of some ready critics, a land of mongrels or rather be looked upon as a world laboratory of tropical civilization.

Christian and Pagan in Guatemala

S. K. LOTHROP

GUATEMALA today is still an Indian country, for less than a tenth of its inhabitants admit the presence of white blood in their veins. Most of them dwell in the South and West—a region dominated by active volcanoes. These, if at times they have spread destruction, also have brought wealth, because their eruptions have covered the vast area with a thick layer of fecund soil. Hence the present dense population.

Before the Spanish conquest several of the native tribes had attained a high plane of culture. They lived in strongly fortified stone-built cities, and were the intellectual heirs of the first Mayan civilization, which, a thousand years before, had flourished brilliantly on the rich lowland plains to the North and East. The fertility of their fields gave leisure for the creation of much barbaric splendor; yet they were by no means effete, as they devoted their spare time to fighting with each other. The most powerful tribes in the days of their paganism were the Quiché, Cakchiquel, and Zutugil. Today they number about 275,000, 130,000, and 25,000 respectively—more than all the Indians in the United States.

When the Spaniards under Cortés overthrew the empire of the Aztecs, the Indians were at an initial disadvantage because they were not sure whether the Europeans were gods controlling the lightning or men carrying a strange weapon. Also it took time to find out that man and horse were separate entities, to be attacked individually, each capable of being destroyed. These concepts had been dissipated before the Spaniards under Alvarado reached Guatemala, but the natives had little idea of how to resist the shock of charging cavalry and there followed a series of bloody defeats in the open field, which necessarily led to abject surrender. The conquest here as elsewhere in the New World was accomplished with surprising ease, remarkable in view of the numerical disparity of the conflicting forces.

A fundamental weakness of the Spanish crown in dealing with the Western World was its failure to realize that it had assumed sovereignty over an intricate and most productive economic machine. In the United States about a third of the wealth we produce annually is derived from our Indian heritage. That agriculture could outvalue gold did not occur to the Spaniards, nor did they realize that with a decrease in food supply the population would also diminish. And so the spoils included the persons of the Indians. Many were branded and sold as slaves, while the labor of many others was allotted to individual Spaniards under a system known as *repartimiento*. Excessive toil, especially in the mines, and unsanitary living conditions in unaccustomed surroundings led to a high death-rate and tended to destroy the native culture. However, the Indian by his very inertia is the most persistent person in the world, and in Guatemala he has clung to many ancient customs, and is showing indications of regaining his economic independence.

The Indian nobility received very different treatment from what was given to the commoners. In the main this was because the feudal instinct of caste was strong in the minds of the *conquistadores* and also because the Spanish Crown soon confirmed with Spanish patents of nobility the rank of many native chiefs. The daughters of Indian princes were eagerly sought in marriage by penniless adventurers from the Old World. Thus, in part, the Indian leaders tended to merge with their conquerors. But this very class of native, which once had adorned the pagan priesthood, also has furnished a great stumbling block to cultural change by clinging stubbornly to ancient rites.

The average Indian's reaction to the church today is about as follows. In the first place, he is a "cristiano," and will be indignant if you suggest that he is not a good one. In addition, however, he has clung to every bit of his old religion that memory could perpetuate through centuries of persecution. He sees nothing incongruous in a double system of deities. If one will not answer his petition another may. Many Catholic churches stand on the sites of former pagan temples, and sometimes the very altars, reared by native hands, secretly house the image of an ancient god. Thus in bending the knee before the cross, an Indian may pray to Christ, or to Gucumatz, or to both.

One of the most interesting modern Quiché towns boasts the triple name Santo Tomás Chichicastenango Tzuilá—Spanish, Aztec, and Quiché. It differs from all others because here dwell only descendants of the former nobility, conscious of their race. Like most Indian villages the costumes of man, woman, and child are fixed by tradition, but the brilliantly embroidered details in this town are private property, inherited by individual families like a coat of arms.

Here lives one Manuel Ahanel, whom they claim as king. How he came by his title, unrecognized, needless to say, by the Guatemalan Government, I am unable to state. He is rarely seen in public, and apparently he takes

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no part in the local administration except that once a year he appears in the market-place, gorgeously bedecked with silver, and gives justice to all who seek it. Of each generation in each family one son is initiated as a witch-doctor, and the general welfare of the village lies in the charge of these men. Early in the morning you may see them burn sweet incense to the rising sun on the steps of the Catholic church. When a child is born, they sacrifice a chicken at the river's edge, and they select a guardian spirit for the infant. They solemnize the marriage vows, placing a mealing stone in the hands of the girl and a machete in the hands of the boy as they admonish them to conduct themselves properly. They also supervise the burial of the dead, and see that the corpse is violently revolved so that evil spirits attacking the newly fledged soul may be confused. On secret altars in distant mountains they make prayer to their ancient gods. But above all they take charge of an annual ceremonial round, largely pagan in nature, designed to cause the maize to grow in abundance. Secretive by instinct and mistrustful from centuries of abuse, the native priests yield the story of their rites to ethnological students only with the greatest reluctance.

Every December a picturesque ceremony known as the Fliers takes place in Chichicastenango. For it they set up a 100-foot pole in the plaza. This pole must be trimmed from a tree which has been felled only after its spirit has been properly propitiated by prayer. On top is set a revolving frame with two ropes running over it. These ropes are wound around the pole until only the two looped ends are visible. Two men now ascend to the summit, seat themselves in the loops, and swing off simultaneously into space. The creaking frame revolves, the ropes unwind at ever-increasing speed, the men swing out at a wide angle from the pole, and thus are gradually lowered to earth. Symbolically this rite represents the descent from heaven of the messengers from the gods. In ancient times it was known from Mexico to Costa Rica.

Another most interesting town is Momostenango, the Place of Altars. Here not long ago we found an abbreviated form of the ancient Mayan calendar so widely in use that a German merchant had written it over his European calendar in order to conduct his affairs. This survival proved to coincide with the sixteenth-century calendar of the Maya, and it shows that these Indians have maintained an unbroken count of days for over two thousand years. According to this calendar a ceremonial round is completed every 260 days, and in harmony with it the people solemnize a most unusual confessional on the day called 8 Thread. For it all good Momostecos—perhaps 25,000 in number—must assemble under penalty of disaster or death. As is so often the case in Guatemala, the rites are partly pagan and partly Christian. Thus they go to the church to tell the overworked *padre* their sins and to make most unorthodox prayers, and they also go to the nearby hills. Here stand perhaps 500 altars of sod, littered with broken offerings of pottery. To them come vast throngs who quickly kindle fires and burn incense, while they swarm about like hiving bees.

Through all the Quiché villages the Indians celebrate a number of dramatic dances. Some of these are historical and have clearly been inspired by the church: the dance of the Moors, the Jews, and Philistines, San Miguelito, the dance of the conquest. Another set, while paying deference to the church, are clearly pagan in spirit; for they are held to increase by incantation the number of animals and to make them subservient to mankind. Among these are the dance of the Deer, the dance of the Tapir, and the dance of the Bull. Finally, there are little-understood performances, primarily heathen, like the mysterious dance of the Drum. Each of these dramatic pageants enlists many people. Gorgeously clad, their identity concealed by masks, the dancers repeat a dialogue made traditional through long usage, and from time to time they dance in stately rhythm to the music of a *marimba*.

In many Guatemalan villages during Holy Week the Indians worship a strange figure called Maximón, meaning "Our Lord who is tied." When you ask them who he really is, they will put you off by saying that he represents Pedro de Alvarado (who conquered their ancestors) or that he is Judas. Some years ago a bishop, riding into the town of Atitlan, was scandalized to find his flock worshiping not Christ but Judas. "Burn the idol," he said; but, before unwilling hands could do his bidding, a great crowd had assembled, armed with sticks and stones and machetes, and the unfortunate prelate escaped alive only by swift and uncompromising flight.

The Maximón looks like a scarecrow, except that his clothes are new. The one in Atitlan wore white trousers covered with polychrome embroidery, a blue coat, a red sash, lustrous black boots, and three superimposed hats. His face was a husked cocoanut with crudely cut features, and from his mouth projected a large cigar. He stood on a broad platform fronting an ancient time-worn church while attendants flanked him to receive the offerings of devotees,

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and to shroud their strange deity with the smoke of incense. Within the church, meanwhile, various ceremonies took place, which had to do with the fertility of the soil and of the daughters of the village.

A belief of the Atitlan Indians, unsanctioned by Rome, is that St. John and the Virgin on the night of the Crucifixion went off together and staged a shameless intrigue. To prevent the annual repetition of such scandalous lubricity strong measures are necessary. Hence on the afternoon of Good Friday the images of the profligate pair are solemnly escorted to the town jail, where they are locked up in separate cells along with the usual crowd of holiday drunks. On Saturday morning they are carried into court and for their conduct are fined 200 pesos each. This money is paid by a religious society in order that their patrons may not be condemned to work out their fines at hard labor.

No account of Indian paganism is complete without mention of the Black Christ of Esquipulas, a sable image publicly worshiped since the sixteenth century. It is housed in a sumptuous church which dominates the dirty little town of Esquipulas in southern Guatemala, and to it come many thousands every year, even from such distant lands as Mexico and Ecuador. They must complete their journey afoot or ahorse, for the trails are narrow and stony, and all easy means of transportation cease many weary leagues away.

There is little community worship, for people journey to Esquipulas to relieve a vow, or to make a petition, or to be cured of sickness. Hence daily you see them kneeling by hundreds in silent or outspoken personal prayer, their faces framed by candles, so that even by day the quivering light is cast to the top of the tall nave. Once a day mass is recited by an ordained priest, but during the rest of the time Quiché Indians silently assume charge of the church. You will usually find twenty or thirty of them encamped just outside the walls on the hard, flagged platform, and with them a host of small shrines inclosing replicas of the Black Christ. These stand in rows, with open doors facing the sanctuary, that they may catch the emanations from the main image and thus acquire its virtue.

Why should Indians worship a Black Christ, when they know that Christ, being a Jew, was a white man? Perhaps the answer lies in the fact that black was the sacred color of the Indians. Aztec priests were clad in black from head to foot, excepting only the scarlet-gowned sacrificer, and a host of Mayan divinities were black, while to this day in Salvador the Indians celebrate the dance of the Black Ones. A second reason for the popularity of the Black Christ is that Esquipulas lies not far from a place called Mita, to which Indians flocked on pilgrimages for centuries before the conquest. The church, as centuries before in pagan Europe, has been willing to embrace the idolatry it could not extirpate.

Trade and Culture in Latin America

By MANUEL GAMIO

THE facts of political and diplomatic relations between the Government of the United States and the countries which lie to the south of the Rio Grande may be acquired from official documents, reports, books, the press, and similar sources; but the human relations between North Americans and Latin Americans, the racial attractions and repulsions, the intellectual and spiritual contacts, the contrasts and agreements between their respective ideals and aspirations, may be known and analyzed satisfactorily only in those regions of the continent where both peoples live in intimate and daily contact.

This occurs in parts of the United States to which millions of Mexicans have been transplanted and live surrounded by Americans, as, for instance, in California, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Illinois, and Indiana. Observation in this gigantic sociological laboratory has established for me the following conclusions:

First: Americans and Mexicans have not fused racially, nor is it probable that such a fusion will occur. This is manifest in the prolonged racial persistence of the Americans of Mexican blood who have lived for three-quarters of a century in New Mexico, and who make up perhaps half of the total population of that State. An obvious illustration is the whole country of Mexico, whose 14,000,000 inhabitants would long since have been totally or partially absorbed by 110,000,000 white Americans had a tendency to intermarriage existed. Geographical shift has, indeed, been in the contrary direction, since the number of Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of Mexico is insignificant, while in the United States, as has been pointed out, there is a large total of American citizens of Mexican origin.

Second: The cultural influence of Americans on Latin Americans has been chiefly material, having to do with modern machinery, industrial and agricultural methods, methods of construction, roads, and other similar factors of individual and collective well-being. Even on Mexicans living in the United States or near its borders, cultural and intellectual influence is apparently very slight. It would be expected to be still smaller in Latin-American countries not so directly in contact with the United States as is Mexico.

This situation is undoubtedly due to differences of race, history, social, and intellectual backgrounds. It is logical to suppose that, no great racial or cultural fusion having occurred to date, the same factors will continue to operate in a similar way, and no markedly greater fusion can be expected.

The real bond between North Americans and Latin Americans is economic. The United States is a country of intensive mechanical development and enormous industrial production. The countries to the South possess few mechanical industries, and these are generally rudimentary. Yet these countries have a large supply of raw material. For the United States it is desirable and necessary to place its industrial products in the Latin-American market, and to secure from there raw material. In both of these steadily developing activities, the United States has vigorous and active European rivals. As the market now stands, it is likely that Latin America will not be able to absorb the

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rapidly increasing amounts of industrial products offered to it, and thus, inevitably, rivalry will be intensified to the danger-point unless adequate means of solving the problem are taken.

Briefly, the conditions are these: Latin America has a population of about eighty millions. Of these eighty millions, 25 per cent or less are consumers of modern industrial products. This 25 per cent is to be found chiefly in the capitals and principal cities. The other three-fourths are people who really are not accustomed to modern civilization. They satisfy their needs with products made by their own hands, and, in a very small proportion, with the products of the few national industries. They inhabit, chiefly, the smaller cities and rural sections. This is the situation in practically all the countries except Argentina, Uruguay, and perhaps Chile, where the proportion of consumers of imported goods is somewhat larger.

But why should the majority of the Latin-American population not consume articles of modern national or foreign industry? Why does it continue to be satisfied with primitive hand-made products? In the first place, this majority cannot pay the price which is put on imported goods, and, in the second place, it ignores the uses and advantages of modern implements. Centuries of habit have imposed the use of their own productions on these simple people, and this, too, reinforces their preference for the artistic and personal character of the hand-made object as against the cold, expressionless article turned out by machines.

In the last analysis the United States, because of industrial expansion, shares the big problem which the rest of the continent faces, for different reasons. The United States must find, or make, a greater market; the rest of the continent must, for its own sake, raise the cultural level of its 75 per cent. Both of these things have an economic root, both mean the increase of that 25 per cent which consumes factory products, be they national or imported. And this increase is the only means of releasing the tension of that growing dangerous rivalry in Latin America between the United States and Europe.

It is a problem that cannot be left to itself for adjustment, nor can it be solved at haphazard. The Standard Oil Company gave away lamps in China to create a demand for oil, and the Singer Sewing Machine Company introduced its machines to the remotest corners of the globe. The experiments were interesting, and those two companies may have benefited economically thereby; but such isolated action has not raised, nor could it, the cultural standards of their consumers. Neither, of course, could it stimulate the use of other modern industrial objects. Indeed, in almost any hut or cabin of the thousands in Latin America there may be an oil lamp, and sometimes also a sewing machine; but the floor of the hut is of loose earth, there are no windows or chimneys; the house is full of smoke and insects. The occupants have no bed, no table, no knives or forks. Their field and domestic utensils are primitive and inefficient. The hut might be lighted like a corner of Broadway, but its occupants live as they did fifty or a hundred years ago.

To make a perceptible change in these conditions, it would be necessary to undertake an organized, integrated, economic-educational plan. It could hardly be left to merchants and capitalists to carry out, for as a whole they generally do not possess a broad enough sociological criterion, economic perspective, and generous spirit which would enable them to understand and provide a free margin for the human factor operating in any enterprise. Europe could not, at this moment, carry out any such plan, for though it would be an investment, it would not be one with quick returns. It is clearly the United States, in which there are men broad-minded and far-sighted enough to give large sums for the benefit of society, which should assume a large part in the solution of the problem.

It would be necessary first to make a thorough survey of conditions in the South American markets. Two things should be borne in mind: it is not possible to introduce new products suddenly or heterogeneously. They must be suited to, and never in conflict with, local traditions, customs, ways of doing and thinking. They must be understood, and really needed. It would be advisable to work out the matter under some such plan as follows: Choose, first, places socially and geographically strategic, that is, villages or sites from which the economic-social influences could spread. In the initial experimental site, a small farm might be procured; on it would be built a house and a store, employing local materials and respecting the fundamental characteristics of the existing architecture, which exists often because of climatic conditions, and which persists as tradition. The inhabitant of the house should be a native of the place. In this house would be installed the articles of modern industry necessary or useful to the normal laborer, however modest. Obviously, ethnographical investigation of the character and cultural habits of the natives should first have been made, to avoid brusque or offensive imposition of exotic objects. The farm would not be a model farm in the current sense of the term, but would become one gradually, machinery and utensils being introduced according to the nature of the soil, the crops, and, finally, to the economic possibilities of the locale. Here also would be a logical place to develop demonstration of tools and machinery suited to the local small industries.

The tools and machinery to which the population might become adjusted could be chosen at first more accurately by consulting the experience of the Mexican immigrants to the United States. These people have already selected, during their stay in the United States, the tools and articles most adapted to their uses, tastes, and within their purchasing power. The geographic and social differences between the two countries establish the probability that some of the tools and articles which the immigrant acquires and uses in the United States will be discarded in Mexico. Immigrants who have returned to Mexico could provide detailed information and suggestions.

Necessarily at first, these products should be sold in the experimental store, at cost, or at a very low price, and perhaps on instalments to responsible persons. But it is extremely likely that in a shorter time than would be supposed, if such a program were carried out progressively, and in not too scattered a fashion, the cumulative advantages of the products provided, the gradual spread, and the sheer habit of using them would make possible and fair their sale at a price accessible to the users, which would nevertheless admit of a nominal profit. From one viewpoint, such a result would surely repay the money and thought spent on the project suggested; but it would be a significant index to sounder conditions and better continental relations.

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The New Peru

By JOSE CARLOS MARIATEGUI

THE Inca empire, cautiously estimated, contained a population of about ten million. The Spanish conquest, which was above all a butchery, made something of a dent in this number. Given the small number of Spaniards, they could in no other way than by terrorism have subjugated the natives; their cannons and horses became supernatural and fearful beings. In the colonial period the brutal extermination of the conquest was continued. The new political and economic organization established unlimited exploitation as the norm. Under the Spaniards the Inca mines, which had been worked in a modest and leisurely fashion, partly because the natives used gold and silver for ornamentation only, partly because they had no iron, became the scene of forced free labor, under conditions which greatly reduced the number of the conquered. It was not serfdom, as might have been the case had the Spaniards maintained the agricultural character of the nation; it was nearer slavery.

Because a few humane and civilizing voices were raised in protest before the King of Spain, the "Laws of Indies" were decreed, avowedly to protect the Indians. They were not to be parceled out as heretofore, and their old organization into "communities" was recognized. But as a matter of fact the Indians remained at the mercy of a greedy feudalism, which destroyed the Inca society and economy, without replacing it with another which might serve as vehicle to a progressive organization of production. The viceroys attacked the problem by importing Negro slaves, who were found suited to the climate and labor in the valleys and the hot plains of the coast, but ill-placed in the cold sierra region of the mines. The Negro slave reinforced Spanish domination, however, for in spite of the decreased number of natives the Spaniards were outnumbered and might well have felt uncertain among the Indians, who, though conquered, were still evidently hostile. The Negro became the domestic servant and took part in small industries; white and Negro mixed, giving rise to the peculiar coast type, friendly to the Spaniard and aloof toward the Indian.

Revolution and independence from Spain was not, it is generally realized, a native impulse. It was a movement participated in by, and for the benefit of, Creoles and even recently immigrated Spaniards; but it utilized the support of the native masses. Some Indians, such as Pumacahua, played important roles in it. The program of a revolution which postulated democracy should logically have included justice to the Indian. And, it is true, some of the first laws and decrees of the republic favored the interests of the natives. Distribution of lands was ordered, abolition of free labor, and other similar measures. But as the people at the head of the new government were the same ruling class as heretofore these decrees operated only on paper.

The landowning aristocracy retained intact its feudal grip on the soil and, therefore, on the Indian. All subsequent attempts to date have not lessened in the slightest the power of this class, nor changed its definitely feudal character.

The viceroys seem less to blame than the republic. To Spain is due the original fall and misery of the Indians. But, in those inquisitorial days, there was a great Christian, Fray Bartolomé de las Casas, to defend the natives eloquently and effectively; no one during the republic has been so truly their friend. The colony was a medieval and foreign system, but the republic is formally a Peruvian and liberal government. It has duties and responsibilities which the colony had not. The republic should have bettered the condition of the Indian; instead, it has increased his poverty, aggravated his subjection, and deepened his misery.

The republic has meant the intrenchment of a ruling class which has gradually and systematically absorbed and possessed itself of the land. To a people whose tradition, whose very soul, is the land, this dispossession has meant material and moral bankruptcy. The land has always been the joy of the Indian; he feels that "life comes from the soil, and goes back to it"; he can maintain indifference to everything, except the loss of the land which his hands and his spirit occupy and make fertile. Peruvian feudalism has been greedier and harsher than Spanish. The Spanish overlord had, generally, some of the outlook and manners of a nobleman. The Creole landowner has all the defects of the plebeian and none of the virtues of an hidalgo.

The republic is, furthermore, traitor to its people, because under it the revendication of the Indian, its avowed cause, became the demagogical ammunition of certain chieftains. Nevertheless justice was decreed and guaranteed, and the Indian had theoretically no cause for protest. His desperate attempts to force the issue have always been given a military answer. All his rebellions, all his protests, have been muffled in blood. The highland silence guards the tragic secret of these answers.

In the sierra, chief home of the Indians, they live under a system of barbarous and omnipotent feudalism, of a form hardly less medieval because it exists in the twentieth century. Ownership of the land places in the hands of the landowners the fate of the Indians, who live in utter misery and ignorance. Agriculture is carried on in a primitive fashion. The other economic activity of the sierra, mining, is almost entirely in the hands of two large American companies. Here the Indians are paid salaries; but these salaries are the very minimum, the laborer has no guaranties to his life or health, and the labor laws covering accidents are disregarded. The *enganche* or draft system, which promises, in return for the laborer's contract, advantages which are not given, places the laborer absolutely at the mercy

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of his employers. Yet so great is the misery of working on the land under the existing conditions that even the mines seem preferable.

Socialist ideas have strengthened a new and powerful movement for the revendication of the Indian. The new Peruvians know that progress in Peru is false, or is at least not Peruvian, so long as it does not include the Indian, and does not mean the well-being of the Peruvian masses, which are four-fifths Indian and peasant. This movement is expressed in the new Peruvian art and literature. There is a revaluation of native themes and forms, heretofore disdained by the official mind, which was colonial Spanish. The "Indianist" literature seems destined to play much the same role as the "mujik" literature of pre-Soviet Russia.

The Indians themselves begin to show a new consciousness. It is to be seen in the gradually developing articulation and inter-communication of Indian nuclei, separated until now by enormous geographical distances. This renewing bond dates from the Indian congresses held under the patronage of the government, but as these conferences soon had revolutionary tendencies they were denatured and much of the representation made apochryphal. Nevertheless the Indians begin to urge official action. For the first time the government has been forced to recognize their point of view, and it has decreed palliative measures which do not adversely affect the interests of the landowners, and are, therefore, ineffectual.

For the first time, too, the Indian question, begged so frequently in the oratory of the ruling classes, has been faced and stated in economic and social terms, and identified above all with the agrarian problem. It is more and more evident that this problem is not an affair of humanitarians. It cannot be solved by philanthropy or charity. It must be a social issue. It must be worked out by the Indians themselves. For this reason the Indian congresses are significant. Indian efforts have always been regional. That is why they have been so easily defeated. Four million people, while they are disunited, cannot take a decisive course; but a nation of four million, conscious of itself and its number, has no need to doubt its future.

Mexican Masses

By MARIANO AZUELA

Eight years after the end of her turmoil Mexico has evolved a stirring national style. It took 400 years of misery and ten of death and chaos to make the new Mexico, the Mexico of monumental painters and muscular symphonic music. Now comes the literature, for the first time Mexican in body and soul; vividly in one novel which is the dramatic story of a bona fide guerrilla.

"Los de Abajo" is not, however, merely a story. It is a cross-section of the mass in revolution, marching, singing, drinking, looting, catapulting through canyons and tearing through fort walls with no articulate cause or purpose, but with a resistless urge; in rhythm and genesis, volcanic. The story is the story of all Mexican guerrillas: they fight, they win, they keep on fighting, they die. The theme, "Without knowing why, and why I don't know," is a refrain hummed endlessly between the teeth of the most important figure in the book, Demetrio Macías, a guerrilla of many ballads, in whose troop the author rode. Each scene and person are symbols of reality that was multiplied a hundred and a thousand times. And the whole is utterly Mexican.*

FROM PART I, CHAPTER 2

IT was still dark when Demetrio Macías began to climb down to the bottom of the canyon. The ridge of debris between the cliff, and the drop down thousands of meters in a single slice, was his trail. Climbing agilely and quickly, Demetrio was thinking: "Now the Federals will get on our track and they'll come on us like dogs. By luck they don't know the trails, passes, or escapes. Unless someone from Moyahua guides them, because in Limón, Santa Rosa, and the other little ranches of the sierra they're all our friends and would never give us up. . . . In Moyahua there's that cacique who chases me over these hills, and great joy he'd have seeing me strung from a telegraph post, with a tongue that long hanging." And he reached the bottom of the canyon with the dawn. He threw himself among the rocks and slept.

The river swirled along singing, in tiny cascades; the little birds chirped in the giant cacti, the monorhythmic cicadas filled the mountain solitude with mystery. Demetrio awoke alarmed, waded the river, and started up the opposite face of the canyon. Like a driver ant he swarmed to the crown, his hands clawed to the rocks and brush, his feet wrapped on the gnarls of the trail. He scaled the crest as the sun poured on the mesa a golden lake. Toward the river stood great slabs of rock; knobs tufted like fantastic Negro heads; cacti, stiff-jointed fingers of a colossus; trees bowed to the bottom of the abyss. From the bare peaks and arid scrub, fresh St. John's roses glowed like white offerings to the orb which brushed its golden strands from rock to rock.

Demetrio stopped on the crest; he drew his left arm backwards, pulled at the horn on his shoulder, put it to his thick lips, three times swelled, his cheeks blowing. Three whistles answered the signal from beyond the front rank of peaks. In the distance came men, many men in disordered squads, out of a conical mound of cane and rotted straw, with naked breasts and legs, dark and polished as old bronze.

"They burned my house!" said he to their querying eyes. Anathema, threats, curses. Demetrio let them work it off; then he pulled a bottle from under his shirt, drank, wiped the neck of it with his hand, passed it to his neighbor. From mouth to mouth the bottle was emptied.

"God willing," said Demetrio, "tomorrow or maybe tonight we'll have a look at the faces of those Federals. What do you say, boys, shall we teach them these trails?"

The half-nude men jumped, howled loudly and full of glee. Then they resumed the abuse and the curses.

"We don't know how many of them there are," said Demetrio, searching their faces.

*"Los de Abajo," By Mariano Azuela. Madrid: Espasa Calpe.

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"Julian Medina, in Hostotipaquillo, with half a dozen poor devils and knives sharpened on grinding stones, stood up to all the cops and the town Federals and cleaned up. . . . What is there to the Medinas that we haven't got?" spoke a man with a beard and thick, black eyebrows and a benevolent look; a well-knit, vigorous man. "I'll say just this," he added. "My name won't be Anastasio Montañez if tomorrow I don't own a mauser, cartridge belt, trousers, and shoes. Say, you, Partridge, I'll bet you don't believe it? I've got half a dozen leads in me. Ask my partner Demetrio if it isn't so. And I'm still about as scared of bullets as I am of caramel drops. Bet you don't believe it?"

"Hurrah for Anastasio Montañez!" shouted the Greaser.

"No," said Montañez. "Hurrah for Demetrio Macías, who is our chief, and hurrah for God in heaven and the Holy Mary."

"Hurrah for Demetrio Macías!" they all yelled.

They lit a fire with grass and tinder, and on the glowing coals spread chunks of fresh meat. They sat around the flames on their haunches, sniffing hungrily at the twisting, sizzling slabs on the coals. On the ground near them lay a golden-skinned steer, in its own moist blood. Jerked meat hung in the sun and air on a cord between two huisache trees.

"All right," said Demetrio. "You see that I've got a thirty-thirty, and besides that there's twenty-one guns between us. If there's few of them, we'll sail in till they're done; if there's more, we can stick a good scare in them, anyway." He loosened his cartridge belt, untied a knot, and offered the contents to his companions.

"Salt!" they exclaimed with delight, each one taking a pinch with the tips of his fingers.

They ate avidly, and when they were fed, flung themselves belly to the sun and sang monotonous and sad tunes, with harsh yells after each stanza.

Part II, Chapter 3

"General Macías, may I introduce my fiancée," said Luis Cervantes boldly, bringing into the dining-room a rarely beautiful girl. They all turned to her; she opened her great blue eyes, bewildered. She was no older than fourteen; her skin was fresh and clear as a rose petal; her hair, golden, and the expression of her eyes had something of malign curiosity and a shadow of infantile fear. Luis Cervantes noted that Demetrio fastened on her the look of a bird of prey, and felt satisfied. A place was made for the girl between the ruddy Margarito and Luis, facing Demetrio. . . .

The orchestra broke into a noisy bull-fight march. The soldiers roared with joy. "What a stew, general! I'll swear in my life I've not tasted a richer," said the blond Margarito, and reminisced of the cafe Monico in Chihuahua.

"Really like it?" said Demetrio. "Well, have them serve till you're full."

"Hits me in the right spot," affirmed Anastasio Montañez. "And this is what's sweet; when I like a stew, I eat, I eat, till I sigh." The noise of unstoppered bottles followed, and great sups. They all drank freely. . . .

"Boys," yelled the blond Margarito at last, raising his edged, guttural voice above the outcry, "I am tired of living and now I feel like killing myself. I've had enough of the Rainbow over there. And this little angel from heaven won't even look my way." "Look, boys," he went on, with his revolver out, "I'm going to shoot myself right in the middle of the forehead!" And he pointed toward a great mirror at the end of the room, where his whole body was reflected. "Don't wiggle, Rainbow!" The mirror starred into long, pointed fragments. The ball had grazed the hair of the Rainbow, who did not quiver an eyelid.

Part III, Chapter 3

The music played all day and solemn honors were done to the barrel; but Demetrio was very sad. "Without knowing why, and why I don't know," he sang, repeating between his teeth over and over the refrain. In the afternoon there were cock-fights. Demetrio and his staff sat under the porch of the courthouse, facing an immense weed-covered plaza, an ancient rotting kiosk, and solitary adobe houses.

"Valderrama!" called Demetrio, taking his eyes wearily from the fight pit, "come sing me the 'Grave Digger.'"

But Valderrama did not hear him, because instead of watching the cock-fight he was soliloquizing grandly, gazing at the sun going down back of the hills, and declaring with emphatic tone and solemn gesture: "Lord, Lord, it is good we are here! I shall raise three tents, one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elijah!"

"Valderrama!" Demetrio shouted again. "Sing me the 'Grave Digger.'"

"Madman, the general wants you," said an officer near him. And Valderrama, with his eternal affable smile, came then, and asked one of the musicians for a guitar.

"Silence!" the players shouted. Valderrama stopped tuning. The Partridge and the Tough had loosed a pair of cocks, armed with long, sharpened spurs, sandy, with feathers like copper scales polychromed in fire.

The struggle was of the briefest, and almost humanly ferocious. The cocks sprang together as if released by rubber bands. Their curved, crisp necks, their eyes like corals; erect the crests, tense the claws; clamped together, an instant free of the soil, their feathers lost in each other's, claws and beaks one; then the black ripped off and was pitched feet up over the line. His cinnabar eyes dulled, the parchment lids closed slowly; his fluffed feathers quivered, convulsed in a pool of blood.

Valderrama, who had not kept back a violent, indignant motion, began again to tune the guitar. With the first deep chords his rage was gone. His eyes held the light of lunacy. His gaze wandered over the plaza, the decrepit kiosk, the huddle of old houses, the sierra in the background, all under a ceiling of flaming sky; and he began to sing.

He could put so much soul in his voice, and so much expression in the strings, that at the end Demetrio turned his face so that no one could see his eyes. But Valderrama threw himself upon him, embraced him with that sudden familiarity he assumed toward all the world at times, and said in his ear: "Eat them! Those are very beautiful!"

Demetrio asked for the bottle and held it out to Valderrama. Valderrama swallowed half of the contents thirstily, almost at one pull. He turned to the crowd and, striking a dramatic pose, exclaimed in his oratorical tone, his eyes wide: "And behold the great joys of the Revolution, molten in a single tear!"

Then he went on conversing crazily, completely mad, with the dusty weeds, with the rotten kiosk, with the gray houses, the haughty hills, and the incommensurable sky.

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In the Driftway

DON C. SEITZ has written a life of "The James Gordon Bennetts, Father and Son,"* which brings back to the Drifter many memories of the younger man. The elder Bennett the Drifter never knew, for although he has drifted considerably in space he has been more circumscribed when it comes to time. As for the younger Bennett, some persons have been disposed to regard him merely as the inheritor of his father's property. The Drifter thinks the younger Bennett was a great editor also, although his eccentricities marred his work and in his later years he so lost touch with American life that his New York newspapers went sadly down hill. It was in these later years that the Drifter knew him. Never will the Drifter forget his first visit to the great, lonely house on the avenue d'Iéna where the Commodore (as he was known among those who worked for him) lived when in Paris. Mr. Bennett saw persons only by appointment and it was necessary to pass a close scrutiny by the butler who stood guard at the entrance. Once the butler was satisfied, other servants—all men—appeared and conducted the Drifter noiselessly and impressively to the salon. There was something in the silence and splendor of this reception that suggested the palace of Monte Cristo and made the visitor nervously raise his hand to his tie to make sure it had not gone adrift from the collar. The wait in the salon was long enough for a thorough study of it. Elegant and uncomfortable! Not a home-like or a feminine touch anywhere. There were a few good portraits, but what riveted the eye was ten or a dozen glass cases lining the walls, containing small china and porcelain statuettes—people, animals, and what not. Then, of course, there were owls and dogs—inanimate. The owl was Mr. Bennett's crest and dogs were his passion. The andirons terminated in owls' heads, while there were casts of dogs stretched out on the floor and several wretched paintings of them about the salon. In the Commodore's study upstairs there was an owl inkwell and a dog paper-weight.

* * * * *

MUCH has been written of the Commodore's irascible temper and eccentric conduct. It would be hard to overemphasize this aspect, but Mr. Bennett also had courage and independence, qualities which came to the front even in his later years when in the summer of 1914 the Germans were just outside the gates of Paris. The French Government retired to Bordeaux. So did a considerable number of Paris newspapers and the staff which got out the continental edition of the London *Daily Mail*. The managing committee of the Paris *Herald* asked Mr. Bennett to do likewise. He called a meeting of the staff at night and came in person—an unusual action in its democratic character and because he rarely allowed anything to interfere with his habit of going to bed at nine o'clock. Mr. Bennett was cool and decided. He said he would not be scared out of Paris, but if the Germans should enter he would stop the *Herald* rather than publish it under their orders. Some of the Englishmen—who comprised a majority of the editorial staff—pointed out that the Germans were reported to have threatened to put every British correspondent in front of a firing squad. Whereupon Mr. Bennett offered to suspend the Paris edition at once if the Englishmen would join in a statement that they thought they would endanger their lives by staying in Paris. They declined. The war dragged on for four years, but the *Herald* continued to be published—and in Paris. THE DRIFTER

* The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $5.

Correspondence

San Francisco Dinner

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Nation Club of San Francisco is holding a dinner on February 12. Mr. Austin Lewis will preside. Prominent liberals have been invited to speak. The tax is $1.50 per plate.

For reservations communicate with Esther Hurwitt, 3018 Mission Street.

San Francisco, January 4 RELLA MANN

The Wrong Moment

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial concerning the possibility of forming a new Liberal Party at the present time is convincing. You have proved that it cannot be done. Forums are all very well, but the man who has ably conducted the principal forum for twenty years voted for Hoover; so did the woman best known among American progressives. The sanest, cleverest, most widely read liberal weekly did not support any of the existing liberal parties. Until progressives are sufficiently devoted to their cause to vote for it at each election it is futile to struggle with the organization of a new party.

The Socialist Party had a good platform and a candidate superior to any other in the field, but received only 267,835 votes. Progressives deserted the cause of liberalism in the hope of defeating some plank in one of the conservative platforms. This protest accomplished nothing, whereas if all progressives had voted for the party most nearly representing their opinions the resulting vote would have thrown the fear of evolution into Republicans and Democrats.

The year 1929 not being favorable for the birth of a new party, why not undertake to wring from our present Government some constructive action upon which the great body of liberals are agreed? Do not all progressives desire the public ownership of the coal industry? Then let us work unitedly to amend the Constitution to permit the Government to take over every coal mine in the country at its fair value, issuing coal certificates to the present owners which shall bear 4 per cent interest.

Another project for which this year is especially timely is the opposition to future war. Let us have treaties for defense but not one cent for warships. Every country will then continue to enjoy at least the same security it now relies upon, whereas the construction of new cruisers avails nothing if our foe-friends build correspondingly. These two projects may not be the best to concentrate upon, but a drive for such measures would have a better chance of success than the attempt to form a new political party at present.

New York, December 23 WILLIAM FLOYD

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Rhys Williams Answers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Replying to my review of "The Real Situation in Russia" in *The Nation* of November 14, Max Eastman seems to imply that out of my five years' "sojourn in" the darkness of the Russian villages I have only recently emerged into this controversy. In a controversy centering on the agrarian program of the Opposition and involving the conditions of the hundred million peasants I had imagined that the Russian village was the appropriate place of study.

For any understanding of the Russian situation demands an intimate knowledge of the Russian land and its people today. The French Riviera, Greenwich Village, and Croton, where Max Eastman has resided the last four years, are not exactly the places to acquire it.

As an example of the method Mr. Eastman employs, I take his defense of the announcement that all the documents in the book were suppressed in Russia. He admits that considerable portions of Trotzky's speech and program were printed in *Pravda* but says that the text was incomplete and "mangled." Well and good. But now the Joffe letter which he cannot deny was printed in the Moscow *Bolshevik* in full and complete form. So he blandly informs the reader that "the Joffe letter is not a part of Trotzky's book," that the announcement "naturally" refers only to Trotzky's documents. This declaration Max Eastman has the effrontery to make in face of the following explicit declaration in the publisher's advertisements and on the jacket of the book itself: "In a series of supplements the book contains the famous Testament of Lenin . . . the Last Words of Adolph Joffe, and an Appeal of the Opposition to the Communist International. All the documents in this book are suppressed and outlawed by the Stalin regime and came out of Russia 'underground.'"

As an instance of Mr. Eastman's method of innuendo, take his statement that "Williams is and for a long time has been a paid correspondent of the Stalin press." As a matter of fact only six articles of mine—those published by *Asia,* the *Atlantic, The Nation,* and the *New Republic*—have been purchased by Russian journals as they have been by French and German magazines. Moreover the insinuation comes with ill grace from one who after his sale of anti-Soviet material to the New York *Times* has become more and more virulent in his onslaughts on the Soviet Union.

While the powerful Leningrad group applies for readmission into the Communist Party, while even Trotzky's best lieutenants like Piatakov and Serebriakov return to Soviet work, Eastman remains stubbornly intransigent and bellicose. There is something not unadmirable in such bitter partisanship were it not for Eastman always insisting that he is "scientific," a super-revolutionist with whom the Communist parties of all the world are out of step. "Non-Marxian" is one of the withering epithets with which he summarizes my review. My competence to evaluate Eastman's literary works thus impeached, I call in an authority sufficiently "Marxian" for Max Eastman—no less a person than Trotzky himself. "Sentimental" is the term he applied to Eastman's first book, refusing to countenance its publication in Russia. Of his second book, "Since Lenin Died," Trotzky wrote that Eastman "perverts the meaning of facts and distorts all and every proportion." It will be interesting to see what term Trotzky may devise for this new book that Max Eastman has compiled.

New York, January 3 Albert Rhys Williams

[Because of lack of space a sentence was deleted from Mr. Williams's original article which indicated that he was aware that "the September thesis and numerous speeches" of the Opposition were suppressed.—Editor The Nation.]

Tennessee Tails

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We find it harder to forgive you your fundamentalist leanings in your issue of December 12 than you did to forgive the New York *World* its Russian views. Why shouldn't the new arrival in Tennessee have a seven-inch tail? If you will refer to Hermann Klaatsch's "Evolution and Progress of Mankind," pages 39 and 41, you will be rewarded by photographs of two of these appendages, which so much disturb our fundamentalist friends—and *The Nation.* Not only that, but Klaatsch calls attention to the fact that the human coccyx contains one or two more vertebrae than that of the Asiatic apes, so that we have a longer permanent tail than the orang!

The number of references to human tails is sufficiently extensive and authoritative to leave little doubt that they do occur, and the frequency of their occurrence in one distinguished Hindu family, at least, would suggest that they are heritable.

Washington, D. C., December 30 Robert Cook,
Editor, *Journal of Heredity*

NOTICE TO READERS

Readers of The Nation, *particularly in the South, are warned against one John R. Lewis, who has been soliciting and receiving subscriptions to* The Nation *without authority and pocketing the proceeds. A warrant is out for his arrest. Readers who have had dealings with this man will confer a favor by reporting the facts. Duly authorized agents of* The Nation *are properly accredited.*

Contributors to This Issue

J. Ramsay MacDonald is the leader of the Labor Party in the British Parliament and former Premier.

Julius Klein is the director of the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce.

Arnold Roller is the pen-name of the Latin-American editor of a news agency who has traveled widely in Latin America.

Paul Vanorden Shaw is in the department of history at Columbia University.

Rudiger Bilden will shortly publish a book on the subject of race mixture in Brazil.

S. K. Lothrop of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, is the author of "Pottery Types and Their Sequence in El Salvador."

Manuel Gamio was a member of the Social Science Research Council to investigate Mexican immigration to the United States.

Jose Carlos Mariategui, a well-known Peruvian writer, is the editor of *Amauta,* published in Peru.

Henry Raymond Mussey, professor of economics at Wellesley College, was formerly managing editor of *The Nation.*

William Seagle is author with Morris Ernst of "To the Pure . . ."

Lewis S. Gannett is a contributing editor of *The Nation.*

Ernest Gruening has just published "Mexico and Its Heritage."

Ruth Pickering is writing a series of articles on the dance for *The Nation.*

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Books

Tree Bark

By MADGE OHE

Even a tree
Keeps a hard surface to protect itself;
Even a tree
Is wise
In that it knows
It must conceal what lies closest to its heart;
The face with which it looks at elements and men
Is hard.
Except in those seasons when its smiles become leaves.

Even a tree
Knows that one cannot always smile;
In the winter
The cold North Wind would turn its smiles
Into brittle withered things;
There are times to smile,
But only times.
Even a tree
Knows that.

This Week

To the Terrible Siren

DEAR VICTORIA WOODHULL:

You will not, I am sure, consider this letter an impertinence; it may be the last personal attention you will ever receive and it is written in a mood of simple bewilderment and curiosity.

You died last year in your home at Bredon's Norton in Worcestershire, England. You began life ninety years before as one of a shiftless, quarrelsome, rakish family of bad repute in Homer, Ohio. In the decades between—covering particularly the long gap of years from the Civil War to the World War—you were, successively or coincidently, a spiritualist, a revivalist, an advocate and practitioner of free love, a labor leader, a Presidential candidate, a suffragist, an editor, a broker, a moralist, a eugenicist, the wife of three men (concluding with an English gentleman), a supporter of worthy causes in England, and the lady bountiful of Bredon's Norton. In the wildest period of America's life, you were one of its most spectacular personalities. You nourished yourself on scandal and notoriety and an apparently honest belief in your own doctrines.

In Emanie Sachs's recent book about you* she tries to make your personality convincing and coherent, but she never wholly succeeds. You were mountebank and idealist, prophet and scandalmonger. You were unscrupulous and shameless, and you were quite fearless. For years you openly attacked the marriage laws and proclaimed the right of man or woman to as many lovers as he or she desired. You outlined and preached a strange mixture of crude spiritualism and scientific sex freedom. Certainly you hated hypocrites; and your devastating revelations of the Beecher-Tilton affair had the one obvious excuse that Beecher had preached from the pulpit the conventional morality. You hated cowardice; you blazoned your own beliefs; you gloried in your own freedom. You met attack with defiance. And at the same time you could appear cultured, dignified, quietly convincing.

Victoria, you were a terrible siren and a mad woman. But you were, I think, a useful and important one, for you flung open a dozen forbidden Bluebeard's closets, and the doors have never been entirely closed since. You were important for the noise you made and for the conventions you kicked over. Your madness was valiant and exciting and somehow consistent.

But as far as I am concerned, Mrs. Sachs might as well have daubed on the bright pigments, the violent contrasts and crude colors that made up the first half of your life, and then thrown the paints away. Or she might simply have said: "Then suddenly Victoria became respectable. She repudiated her old beliefs, denied she had ever held them, married a wealthy English banker, and died in 1927 at the age of ninety." But instead of this she devotes a hundred and fifty pages to the tale of your apostasy, marriage, and tiresome years of decline. She tries to explain them, to make you through those years a real and believable personality. But she never succeeds. You went back on free love; thus betraying your one vital cause and leaving thousands of followers floundering hopelessly in the fog of the romantic mysticism to which you turned; you forfeited your only legitimate hope of fame. And you did more than this. You made the astonishing assertion that you had never supported free love, that you had always believed in marriage. You said that other people had signed your name to articles you had never written. (Had they made the speeches that poured out of your mouth at crowded meetings from San Francisco to New York?) You wholly and almost magnificently repudiated all that you had been and all that you had achieved.

Did you think people would believe you? Did you believe yourself? You had faith in spirits; in your own communion with Demosthenes and Alexander the Great and Napoleon. Did you come also to accept this final fantasy—that you yourself had never existed?

Now that you have safely passed over into what Mrs. Sachs calls the "otherwhere" you might some day like to clear up this engaging mystery—the mystery of the disappearance of the Terrible Siren. For Mrs. Sachs failed to do it. Her explanations of your treason, or conversion, are admittedly tentative and sadly inadequate. The one person alive who might be able to undertake the task is Benjamin R. Tucker, who contributes to the book an admirable account of his association with you and your family. Mr. Tucker discusses you so intimately and yet dispassionately, so intelligently and coherently that I found myself wishing that he had gone on and written the whole book. If you cannot conveniently answer this letter yourself, it is possible that Mr. Tucker will feel like attempting an explanation of one of the most astonishing and baffling apostasies in history.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

*"'The Terrible Siren': Victoria Woodhull." Harper and Brothers. $4.

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The True History of the Railroads in War Time

War History of American Railroads. By Walker D. Hines. Yale University Press (for the Carnegie Endowment). $3.75.

Railroad Regulation Since 1920. By D. Philip Locklin. A. W. Shaw Company. $3.

Government Ownership and Operation of Railroads. By Walter M. W. Splawn. The Macmillan Company. $5.

THE facts of our war-time control of railroads, though known by students, have been buried from view of the general public beneath mountains of misinformation. They are here set down, in simple and orderly fashion, by the man of all men best fitted to state them, Walker D. Hines, Assistant Director General of Railroads up to January, 1919, and Director General during the remaining fourteen months of federal control. He is an able railroad executive of long experience, a man everywhere respected for honesty, judgment, and fairness, and a consistent opponent of government operation of railroads. His book leaves no excuse for further misrepresentation of the Federal Railroad Administration and its achievements—such as were voiced by Herbert Hoover when he said in New York on October 22, 1928, "there is no better example of the practical incompetence of government to conduct business than the history of our railways"—under the government during the war. To quote the moderate words of Mr. Hines's concluding paragraph:

> The effect of Federal Control was to provide, as to the country's war needs, and as to the interests of railroad security holders, a protection which had become impracticable in view of the emergencies and limitations with which it was confronted. Any fairly balanced study of the situation as a whole must lead to the conclusion that in periods of extraordinary difficulty the government's temporary operation of the railroads accomplished with credit the objects which made resort to it imperative. The war needs for transportation were met and railroad security holders were protected from a large part, though by no means all, of the injurious consequences of the war.

When we entered the war, the railroads were already in a critical condition, caught by rising costs under a system of strictly controlled rates. During the succeeding months of 1917, despite creditable performance and heroic efforts at voluntary unification through the Railroads' War Board, things went from bad to worse. Staggering under an unprecedented burden of traffic, short of locomotives and cars, unable to handle the existing supply so as to prevent paralyzing traffic congestion, threatened with formidable and justifiable labor demands, harassed by conflicting priority orders from various government war agencies, and unable to get imperatively needed capital, the roads by the end of the year were buried under a mountain of traffic that they could not move, and were face to face with financial disaster. As the only way of bringing about the unification necessary to the success of the nation's war effort, and of averting the financial ruin of the roads, the President, by proclamation of December 26, 1917, took over practically all the railroad mileage of the United States, except the short lines. It was a transaction of unparalleled magnitude and complexity.

The results that followed were astonishing. The best railroad talent of the country was promptly and patriotically placed at the service of the Railroad Administration, which under the war powers was thus enabled, with remarkable speed and success, to coordinate all the lines into one tremendous transportation machine. Traffic began to move, the labor situation was put into manageable shape, and the credit of the railroads was saved. Notwithstanding the unparalleled demands of 1918, the traffic situation steadily improved, car congestion and car shortages practically disappeared, and the railroads were enabled to function at maximum capacity right up to the armistice.

The cessation of hostilities brought wholly new problems. The railroads had to be held for fourteen months in order to give Congress time to enact the legislation necessary for their return to private hands. During all that period the Railroad Administration was the scapegoat of a public impatient of the unavoidable continuance of war-time restrictions, and was blamed for difficulties actually due to the war. Extreme and exceptional cases were gladly believed to be typical. "Things seemed to get to the point," says Mr. Hines, "where no charge was too extreme to be believed. The more extreme the charge the greater the presumption, apparently, that the charge was true without the necessity for proof." Yet the facts were dead against the critics, as every fair-minded reader of this book is bound to conclude. To quote Mr. Hines again:

> Considering the rapidity and intensity of the adjustments both commercial and psychological following the armistice, the responsiveness and elasticity shown by the Railroad Administration were noteworthy and were due to the potentialities inhering in the principles of unified control.

Yet to this day a misguided public believes a dozen fundamental falsehoods about the Railroad Administration.

Without heat and with rare detachment, by the simple statement of incontrovertible facts, Mr. Hines disproves those falsehoods one by one, and leaves the truth clear to anyone who wants to see it. Notable economies and improvements were effected, among other means by the standardization of equipment, the unification of terminals and ticket offices, the elimination of circuitous routing, and the reform and standardization of practice in the purchase and custody of supplies and materials (on purchases amounting to $1,760,000,000 in 1919). It is still widely believed that the government returned the roads in broken-down condition, owing to lack of maintenance. As Mr. Hines plainly demonstrates, "the notion . . . never had any foundation and has been clearly disproved by subsequent events and analyses." Instead of treating the railroads unfairly, the government actually averted many financial disasters among them. The cost of federal control to the Treasury, totaling $1,123,500,000, was due, not to inefficient operation, but to WAR, to quote the emphasis of Mr. Hines's capitals. "The burden was there. It was part of the war and was paid in substantial part by taxation, which is not an unusual way of meeting war burdens." The labor policy of the Railroad Administration was not the spineless truckling to organized labor that it has been represented to be, though one suspects Mr. Hines of being less sympathetic toward labor claims than his predecessor. The fundamental changes of 1918, including the eight-hour day, standardized wages, and detailed classification of employees, he declares, "were in the main regarded at the time as necessary and appropriate on account of the stress of war conditions," and were approved by the practical railroad men in the Division of Operation; the much-berated "national agreements" of 1919 added little. The changes were the outcome of war necessities. He gives the facts to show that labor efficiency under federal control makes "an extremely favorable comparison with pre-war efficiency and compares with post-war efficiency fully as well as does industrial war-time efficiency with post-war efficiency"—and so on in refutation of one commonly believed untruth after another. To add but one fact more, the rate policies of the Railroad Administration, bitterly attacked as they have been, are shown to have

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been dictated by considerations of industrial and political statesmanship that reduce most of the criticisms to nullity.

Probably nobody will agree with every particular policy of the Railroad Administration; but no thoughtful reader can lay down Mr. Hines's book without realizing that he has read an honest account of a thoroughly successful government undertaking. Initiated and carried through under conditions of extraordinary difficulty that made resort to government power imperative, it was managed, on the whole, with wisdom and skill. Its success proves nothing one way or the other as to the wisdom of government operation of railroads under ordinary conditions. What the experiment does prove, and prove fully, is the great possibilities for public good inherent in unification, a matter that Mr. Hines, opposed to government operation for other reasons, emphasizes over and over. We are struggling now to get that unification in the face of competing groups of private owners. Some of us believe that we shall never get the advantages of unification in satisfactory degree till private ownership is got out of the way. While the long struggle goes on, Mr. Hines's book will stand as a record of some of the possibilities of the American railroad system when put together, even temporarily, into a single transportation machine, and worked with the sole purpose of producing transportation.

Professor Locklin's book is a careful study of our efforts, under the Transportation Act of 1920, to get the advantages of unification while preserving the benefits of regulated private operation and, so far as possible, of competition. It is a fair and useful piece of work on a specific problem. Professor Splawn, on the other hand, has put together a more or less encyclopedic lot of facts about railroads all over the world which show, in his opinion, how bad and expensive government operation is. He fears that demagogues may one of these fine days mislead an annoyed and impatient American people into government ownership and operation. In the present state of public opinion, this solicitude is really touching.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Moses

The Life of Moses. By Edmond Fleg. Translated from the French by Stephen Haden Guest. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

Moses. By Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

The Light of Egypt. By Werner Jansen. Translated from the German by William A. Drake. Brentano's. $2.50.

IT has become almost one of the fixed critical conventions of a skeptical age which is tending more and more to regard the Bible simply as literature to speak always of its literary art as superlative. However much this may be true of the Bible as a whole, it is not true of the Biblical story of Moses. He is portrayed for us as the lawgiver and redeemer but (as is usually the case in treating the life of a reformer) at the expense of obscuring the warm and human personality he undoubtedly was. The revealing and significant moments of his personal life are lost in a host of commands and prohibitions: dietary regulations, ritualistic formulas, and architectural specifications. The teachings of Moses and the incidents of his life are not integrated, and the latter are often too scanty. To increase the temptation to reinterpret the life of Moses, there is the added circumstance that much about the history of the first of the prophets and the Mosaic generation is as inexplicable as the history of the last of the prophets and the first Christian generation. Moses, moreover, constitutes no less a challenge. If he is remoter, it is in time only. The problems which we link with his name are not millennial dreams but the practical dilemmas of the living present. We who are plagued with a multiplicity of laws have a special interest in the lawgiver.

The three moderns, writing in as many languages, who have all turned to the figure of Moses need, therefore, offer little apology. However, the greatest difficulties stand in the way of our recreating Moses for ourselves. Edmond Fleg offers a "life" and Louis Untermeyer and Werner Jansen "historical fiction." But it must first of all be realized that the ordinary distinctions which differentiate these forms of art are almost meaningless as far as Moses is concerned. Moses is a legendary figure. While it is not impossible to bring to bear the theoretical methods of social, economic, and religious history to explain and illumine even a legendary personality, the course is an extremely dangerous one. Much is bound to be introduced that is alien to the spirit of the original legends and perverts them. A far safer approach lies in the legendary and poetical process which has given us the Biblical account itself.

Edmond Fleg, who is a profound Jewish scholar, has perceived the alternative clearly and made his choice with great wisdom. He has recognized that any authentic life of Moses can be no more than a representation of the significance of Moses to succeeding generations, and hence that such a life cannot really be created unless there are materials available which are the slow accretion of time. He has, therefore, gone to the old Rabbis of the Talmudic periods whose pious exegesis in the course of the centuries had produced a wealth of Mosaic allegory and parable of a strange, imaginative beauty. These he has now combined with the Biblical story with such loving skill that an entirely new Moses emerges whom we see in all his lineaments not only as a seer but a very appealing human being—yet it is a Moses whom we at once recognize as psychologically and historically possible and true. It becomes obvious that the character of Moses underwent a decided evolution in the minds of the Rabbis who found it necessary to explain away and gloss over much that soon came to seem to them harsh and forbidding, but the transformation was wrought by such imperceptible degrees that we never feel that historical continuity and consistency have been violated. The result is that the Moses of the Bible is clarified for us. As his present biographer has been humble, and has not sought so much to invent as to discover, he has had his reward. It is hard to be temperate about Edmond Fleg's life of Moses. Such is its grandeur and poetical power that it challenges the place of the Bible story itself. "The Life of Moses" deserves to be included with the Bible as one of the Apocrypha. If Christianity owes a great deal to Renan for his "Jesus," Judaism must now owe an even greater debt to Fleg for his "Moses." He has produced a classic which is even more beautiful.

Not very much, however, can be said for the work of Louis Untermeyer and Werner Jansen, who have relied on the whole upon the theoretical hypothesis of Western science. However plausible many of their assumptions may be, it is a strangely distorted and anachronistic Moses whom they have produced. Both agree in making Moses a bastard, although there is no such indication in the legends. The invention has obviously been made to help rationalize the Pharaoh's permission for the exodus. Both authors also agree in relating the religious idea of Moses to the monotheism of Akhnaton, about whom Egyptologists have written much of late. The Moses of Untermeyer is a labor agitator organizing the Hebrew slaves in a general strike. This class-struggle theory of Moses has been advanced before, notably by Ward in "The Ancient Lowly." Untermeyer especially indulges the elaborate hokus-pokus of supplying naturalistic explanations of the miracles

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of the exodus; it is, for instance, darkly hinted that the death of the first born was due to infantile paralysis. The chief disqualification of Werner Jansen is his thinly disguised anti-Semitism, but at least his point of view is presented with a great deal more dignity. Moses is described as struggling against the opposition of the Jewish bankers and business men who were overrunning Egypt and exploiting its people. It is true that this conflict of materialism and idealism was nowhere fought more fiercely than among the Jewish people, but it is quite another matter to treat Moses as a parable for modern Germany.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Made in America

Conquest: America's Painless Imperialism. By John Carter. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MR. CARTER must have written this tumultuous book in instalments, and changed his mind between way-stations. For he begins with a cheap and ignorant attack upon Europe and glorification of everything done by our State Department. He pauses in the middle of the book to pen two excellent chapters picturing the extent of the American economic empire—Wrigley making chewing gum in England, Loew managing forty-odd theaters in Brazil, Woolworth with more than three hundred ten-cent stores in Europe, in addition to the usual figures of swelling commerce and foreign investments. Then he concludes with several sweet and reasonable chapters which, considerably condensed, might almost be made into a *Nation* editorial.

In the brief history of civilization with which he opens he tells us that "violence and military conquest play no great part in America's economic expansion" (did he never hear of the Mexican War?); that the British Empire was built upon the discovery that "the principles of British freedom supplied a moral basis for the Empire" (ask the Indians!); that federal government was our "original contribution to political thought" (was he unaware of the Swiss, not to mention the ancient Greeks?); that "the theory of delegated and reserved powers as embodied in the Constitution . . . supplies the key to American policy in the Caribbean" (the founding fathers might raise their eyebrows at that); that the ability to maintain free government is the test of our recognition policy (he brazenly cites Texas, Cuba, and Hawaii as examples, but forgets Panama); that the German republic is the "creation of American diplomacy"; and so on and on. He tells us that Vera Cruz was bombarded and Pershing sent into Mexico with the full approval of the ABC Powers, and makes other statements as fantastic. He even insists that we intervened in Nicaragua to protect the Panama Canal in 1899, before the first American shovel touched Panama mud.

He is ready to have us shoot Central Americans into self-government ("forcibly to inculcate self-government throughout the Western Hemisphere") on page 44; but by page 299 he is complaining that "It has not occurred to us that there may be some inadequacy in a democracy which requires constant intervention to maintain its forms." On page 9 he says that "the politically minded European has a highly developed national consciousness which prevents the assimilation of foreign ideas" while "national consciousness in America is weak"; but by page 313, after boasting of the Americanization of Europe, he finds us "cocksure and self-satisfied." He announces Europe's post-war return to protective tariffs under the heading Dirty Work at the Economic Cross-Roads, but our own tariff is legitimate self-protection. On page 107 he hails with enthusiasm Mr. Coolidge's "theory of the universal sanctity of American property," which he frankly calls "the great-

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ɛst assumption of authority ever yet enunciated by a member ɔf the family of nations"; but he concludes a chapter two hundred pages later with the thought that "respect for the national rights of others should be the first law of our political ɔonduct."

The reason for devoting so much space to pointing out the absurdities of this book is that the author has recently been appointed economic adviser to the State Department in Washington.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

The Last Mexican Empire

Maximilian and Charlotte of Mexico. By Egon Caesar Count Corti. Translated from the German by Catherine Alison Phillips. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes. $12.50.

THE story of Maximilian and Carlota, that unique interlude of European imperialism in the New World, is at last complete. Despite the volumes from French, Austrian, and Mexican standpoints, the innumerable "memoirs" and "recollections" by participants, the final word could not be said until recently. For the private archives of Maximilian, shipped to Vienna a few months before his death in a moment of contemplated abdication, remained inviolate so long as his brother Franz Josef reigned. Their revelations were far too compromising. Only after the fall of the House of Hapsburg was access to this treasure permitted. Out of it the Austrian historian, Count Corti, has filled many gaps, answered long doubtful points, and written the definitive story of the intervention.

It is a fitting capstone to the uniquely varied historiography of sixty years. "Maximilian and Charlotte of Mexico" admirably combines scholarship with readability. Here is no tawdry and facile Ludwiggery. It is authentic biography. From the first moments that the restless and idealistic archduke, prevented, by the accident of secundo-geniture, from playing any considerable part in the governing circles of Europe, proved susceptible to the schemes of Mexican expatriates, of Napoleon, and especially of Eugénie, till he was completely enmeshed, events unfold with the steady relentlessnes of a Greek tragedy. A victim of intriguers who made him (as they said in the chancelleries of Europe) their "archdupe," his every move, however well-intentioned, served but to drag him nearer the abyss. A prey to lofty illusions about himself and his associates, Maximilian's liberalism, trustfulness, and generosity proved his undoing. His refusal to nullify the already consummated clerical reforms arrayed the clergy bitterly against him. His efforts to emancipate the Indian peons netted the hatred of the landed conservatives. The importuning of Bazaine that an iron hand alone could restore order caused this friendly prince against his better judgment to permit summary court-martialing of the Mexican patriots, fighting intervention. This decree, which his conscience never approved, and which he later rescinded, was used to justify his own death sentence. As the castle of his hopes and dreams began crumbling before the realities, his last days were saddened by the tidings of Carlota's madness on her desperate journey for succor. The adventure on which they had been led to embark was foredoomed to failure. But in the end Maximilian could easily have saved his life. He sacrificed it to an utterly noble unwillingness to leave others—notably Generals Miramón and Mejía—to a fate which he could have escaped.

Corti makes no allusion to Maximilian's unfaithfulness to Carlota first brought out by Blasio in his "Maximiliano Intimo," and confirmed by the Comtesse de Reinach-Foussemagne in her excellent "Charlotte de Belgique, Impératrice du Mexique," published three years ago. He does reveal,

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however, the reasons for Maximilian's inability to have offspring which led to the imperial couple's curious attempt to establish a succession through the grandchildren of Mexico's first ruler, the self-made Emperor Iturbide.

The translation by Catherine Alison Phillips is worthy of Corti's writing. One cannot help being enthralled by the vivid interest of this international drama, with its opening idyl at Miramar on the blue Adriatic, its crescendo procession through the courts of Europe, its tragic culmination at Chapultepec, and its death-rattle on the Cerro de las Campanas; and being deeply stirred by its poignant pathos.

ERNEST GRUENING

Biographies in Brief

Voltaire: Genius of Mockery. By Victor Thaddeus. Brentano's. $3.50.

Mr. Thaddeus is one of our most admirable concocters of what may be termed the Sunday Supplement biography. The Sunday Supplement biographer is, above all, graphic: he sees his subject's career as picturesque melodrama. What is essential is to manipulate this career so that it passes before the reader's eye with cinematographic rapidity. By this means a sense of excitement is communicated. There must be no hitches or interruptions; the character of the subject is summed up swiftly by some immediately comprehensible formula (as, in this case, "genius of mockery"). Very few details are introduced which are irrelevant to this formula. The tempo is further accelerated by the constant use of the historical present (one of the many borrowings from Ludwig) and by the wholesale excision of verbs, subjects, and articles wherever possible. The prose style is either rapid narration dotted with cryptic anecdotes; or in the more reflective passages, journalistic orotundity, for example: "And for more than eighty years the indomitable Will-to-Live which inhabits this frail human organism will hold it intact through sickness upon sickness, defending from the corruption of the grave the integrity of a generous mind," or (speaking of the Jesuit school of Voltaire's youth) "to this austere pile of buildings what echoes penetrate of that grim struggle on the frontiers where the life-blood of France is dripping away?" To realize the difference between Mr. Thaddeus's amusing story-telling and the work of a genuine biographer, one need merely compare his account of the Calas and Sirven cases with Mr. Josephson's handling of the Dreyfus affair in his recent "Zola and His Time." The Sunday Supplement biographer aims to interest, not to stimulate; to note certainties, not to pose problems; to avoid (as here) literary criticism because he knows that such criticism would delay his narrative; in short, to produce a book which shall be completely readable and completely forgettable.

The Fourth Musketeer: The Life of Alexandre Dumas. By T. Lucas-Dubreton. Translated by Maida Castelhun Darnton. Coward-McCann. $3.

T. Lucas-Dubreton's "La Vie d'Alexandre Dumas," which appeared originally in the *Nouvelle Revue Francaise's* "Vies des Hommes Illustres," has now been published in translation as "The Fourth Musketeer." It is not a work calculated to further the fame of M. Lucas-Dubreton particularly, warm memories of his books on Samuel Pepys and Charles X immediately obscuring it. Yet, so far as it goes, it is good enough, traveling swiftly and agreeably over the curiously flamboyant life of the author of "Les Trois Mousquetaires." It is to be suspected that Lucas-Dubreton concocted this volume in a hurry from sources immediately available and also that he was ordered to keep it within a limited number of pages. The result is a running outline of Dumas's life that leaves the reader wondering about a dozen and one things: Dumas's theatrical ventures, Dumas's collaborators—especially the relations with Macquet—and Dumas's influence during his own era.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes: Eccentric and Poet. By Royall H. Snow. Covici-Friede. $3.

This sober and careful study will undoubtedly stand as a definitive account of Beddoes's life and work, replacing Sir Edmund Gosse's fine but sketchy memoir. Professor Snow very wisely attempts no radical revaluation of Beddoes's place in English verse; he is content to accord him a high position among the minor poets and to set him in the van of those whose inspiration has been derived from the contemplation of death. The tracing of Beddoes's restless and tragic life, spent for the most part far away from the soil that should have nurtured his distinctively English genius, is conscientious; one might have wished, perhaps, that Professor Snow were not so painfully eager to overemphasize his utterly unimportant relationship with Zoe King and to underemphasize that with Degen the butcher-lad. It is hardly enough to say that the author of "Death's Jest-book" was haunted all his life by an increasing melancholia when it is at least fairly patent that the melancholia was partially the result of an ambiguous sex nature which never found its complete expression.

The Dance

Michio Ito

THE distinction between dancing as a fine art and dancing as entertainment should be clear. It is sometimes difficult for the audience to make the distinction, but the purpose of his performance should at all times be unmixed in the mind of the dancer. The field of the recitalist is generally speaking that of the fine arts, but the recitalist is as yet an amateur. The professional field—certainly in our country—is given to entertainment, and in this field the ballet is supreme.

According to Mr. Ito the ballet dance began as entertainment, not as we are accustomed to believe in the courts of Italy and France, but six thousand years ago in Tibet. As it has come down through the ages it has inevitably been modified by the civilizations of which it has been a part, and has at intervals been elevated to a fine art. But generally speaking its aim has been to surprise by tricks of skill. Nevertheless in its long history it has acquired a definite technique; for its execution it demands intensive body-training, and the results of its training are sure poise and balance. For this reason it is by no means to be despised. And Mr. Ito, unlike many of the dancers whose artistic purpose is beyond mere entertainment, does not disdain to profit by the professionalism which marks the ballet. His concern is to lift dancing as a fine art out of its present confused, vague manner of procedure into a path of discipline as clear, as convincing as that now taken by the ballet. The touch of professionalism means simply a thorough body regime so that the instrument of the dance is under control, ready for whatever purpose of design the mind and emotions of the dancer evoke. Nor do I mean by this that the ballet contains every essential for technical training; certainly much of its procedure will be thrown out in favor of movements created by its critics.

Mr. Ito wishes now, not merely to prove himself and

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his pupils artists of the dance (as he did in his recital of December 2 at the Civic Repertory Theater), but to bring the scattered individualistic recitalists into a more united group, and thence back into the theater. He seems the best-equipped director for that purpose. He hasn't too much the passion for organization which so often kills the ideal it organizes; his aims are broad enough to include all forms of dance expression; and he is singularly free from prejudice, desire to dictate, or personal jealousies. More than that, he has had experience in the theater. Already he has, not only in imagination but near practical accomplishment, a theater of the dance, and a program in dance form in which dancers, musicians, stage-designers, and pantomimists will unite. To bring together those dancers whose aim is beyond that of mere entertainment is no simple matter. Each in his distinctive way has revolted, and each clings fearfully to what glory and satisfaction his particular revolt has brought him. But there is a basis for harmonious procedure, which Mr. Ito, I believe, can find if anyone can.

What Mr. Ito, individually, as a dancer contributes is a Japanese quality. This is not, of course, merely an obvious statement of his nationality; the word is used as descriptive of his art. His choreography is without blurred outline; his movements are precise to the music and precise to the design as a whole. There is no mixture in his work of that narrative character which is in pantomime. He conveys idea and not personality in his studies. It is this exactness of outline combined with the abstract idea which seems to me more Oriental than Occidental. This quality is in his work whether he dances an Ecclésiastique, a Tango, a Gollywog, or a markedly Japanese thing such as a Pair of Fans.

Perhaps a way of marking this distinction is to consider the dance of Angna Enters, who has been a pupil of Mr. Ito. The episodes of hers which show Mr. Ito's influence strongly are her medieval studies, Moyen Age and Queen of Heaven, and her cat dance. These stand out from her other episodes, in her recent recitals, with a beauty and purity and absence of literary interpretation absolutely unlike her Promenade or the adolescent girl. The former are truly abstract; the latter the particular of pantomime.

Mr. Ito is shrewd also in knowing his own limitations as the interpreter—or dancer—of his own design. For instance, last year in his recital he himself danced a Passepied to music by Delibes. The lyricism of the composition was not within Mr. Ito's personal range or tone. This year a pupil, Miss Koner, danced the same composition and it appeared in its completely realized grace.

Of course, that talent which Mr. Ito has for drawing the clear, fine line carries with it the defect of its virtue. When he dances a warrior, for instance, one feels the lack of gusto. Precision occasionally falls into preciousness. But to expect the full range of dance expression in one exponent is to slight the possibilities of the art, as he would be the first to acknowledge. And it is because he visualizes the dance as an unlimited source of tragedy and comedy that Mr. Ito looks to gathering the dancers together into a theater of which they shall be the main part.

RUTH PICKERING

NOTICE

The International Relations Section is omitted from this issue on account of the large number of articles on foreign affairs included in the main section of *The Nation*.

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